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All nude models are 18 years of age or older.

Cover photo by Matti Klatt

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Bits & Pieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

ASA HUTCHINSON

Is political office a gateway to shithead syndrome? Research scientists have long noted an overwhelming correlation between public officials and rectal-cerebral synthesis. Asa Hutchinson, HUSTLER's May 2002 Asshole of the Month, is the strongest support yet for the thesis that our country's legislators are addicted to toilet logic.

A former Congressman and state Republican Committee chairman, Hutchinson, 51, began his rise in the cesspool of local Arkansas politics two decades ago. An ambitious turd-slurper, Hutch smeared the national record as a manager of the Clinton impeachment hearings.

At the time of the hearings, Asa's brother Tim Hutchinson, an Arkansas Senator and family-values cheerleader, was rumored to be banging his Congressional aide, Randi Fredholm, whom he married a year later, after dumping his first wife. Shifty Asa diverted his nose from his brother's stench and huffed that failure to nail Clinton for receiving fat-chick blowjobs would cause "a slow unraveling of our Constitutional structure."

Asa prefers a faster dismantling of democratic ideals. Last August, Hutchinson became head of the Drug Enforcement Administration, America's own Gestapo. Thanks to the DEA's 30-year, failed campaign to dictate the country's consumption habits, the land of the free has an incarceration rate six times higher than its closest Western competitor. The Fourth Amendment has been reduced to asswipe by warrantless searches and shady property seizures, 80% of which occur with no accompanying charges.

Asa is an ideal director for this treacherous fraud; in Congress, the two-faced shit-heel preached personal-privacy rights, while proposing a ten-year jail term for anyone who conveys, by any means, "information pertaining to the...manufacture of a controlled substance."

"This is a noble purpose, a great crusade," Hutchinson simpered at his confirmation hearing.

Asa's noble crusade began with an immediate vow to get tough on medical marijuana, which has been approved by voters in eight states and is supported by 67% of Americans. Hutchinson backed his threat by siccing a DEA goon squad on a Los Angeles cannabis center.

"No one wants to deprive an elderly or a patient of pain medication," Hutch says of his assault on the seriously ill. However, "there's not any medical or scientific evidence that would support the medical use" of marijuana.

If weed doesn't help, why do cancer patients risk arrest to smoke it? More than 90 reports provide evidence that pot reduces suffering, notably a 1999 Institute of Medicine study that Asa is well aware of, having attempted to block its funding.

Asa nose-dived from deceit to idiocy last December, when he banned foods containing hemp seed, and thus trace amounts of THC, pot's active ingredient. The THC level in such products—cheese, corn chips, ice cream, etc.—is infinitesimal. Prohibiting them is akin to proscribing poppy-seed bagels for their opiate content, which may be next on Herr Hutchinson's to-do list.

Asa's snack-food crackdown is contrasted by his tenure as U.S. Attorney for western Arkansas. Hutchinson took the position in 1982, the same year Adler Berriman "Barry" Seal set up shop in Mena, Arkansas. A major cocaine trafficker with CIA ties, Seal is widely believed to have been part of the Iran/Contra scandal; during his Mena stint, a reported $10 million in drugs were smuggled through the area weekly.

Seal was under investigation by U.S. Customs, the DEA, the FBI and the IRS, with the ostensible support of Hutchinson. Come indictment time, Asa subpoenaed only three of 20 requested IRS witnesses, two of whom complained that he asked no substantive questions. In 1991, William Duncan, a Treasury agent involved in the Seal probe, testified, "There was a cover-up."

Hutchinson failed, deliberately or not, to sniff out one of the country's biggest smugglers in his own backyard. Now he decrees which brands of ice cream we may eat.

Asa claims that his campaign "sends the right signal." The only message conveyed by Asa's "bite a corn chip, go to jail" policy is that there is no depth of hypocrisy and blind stupidity he won't stoop to.

And that this country should just say no to Assholes.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Walied Shater: A Secret Service agent of Arab descent, Shater was kicked off a flight after he boarded a plane with a gun and improperly filled out the required form three times. During questioning by the pilot, the agent reportedly "became very hostile" and was denied passage. Shater claims that he was singled out for his ethnicity, and may file a civil lawsuit. Shater fits the profile of a whining Asshole.

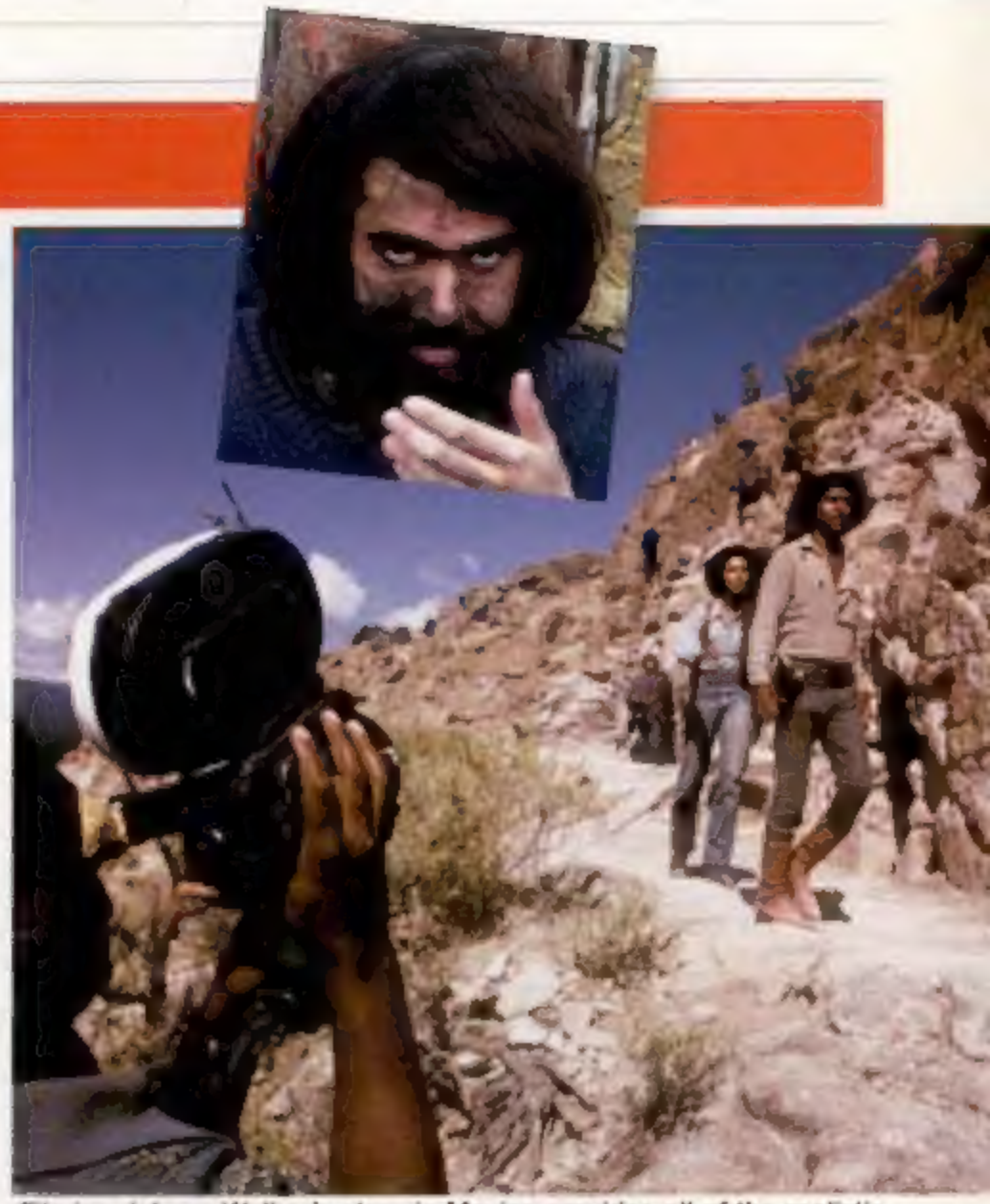
George W. Bush: In an attempt to distance himself from the growing Enron scandal, Resident Bush told reporters that he "first got to know" Enron founder Ken Lay after W.'s 1994 bid for Texas governor, during which Lay "was a supporter of [opponent] Ann Richards." Records indicate that Lay and other Enron sources gave Bush $146,000 to Richards's $12,500. Shortly after his statement, Bush fainted from choking on a pretzel—or maybe the noxious fumes from his own lying Asshole.

What Johnny Walker Read

Sandwigger

Dateline, CNN and *20/20* have all learned that exotic locations, gunplay and Muslim fanaticism guarantee winning Nielsens. HUSTLER realizes that if a movie-of-the-week about American Taliban John Walker Lindh is not immediately put into production, then the terrorists have won. Read on for an exclusive preview of *Walker, Taliban Ranger*.
(NOTE: Some events have been changed for dramatic purposes.)

DARLA: Johnny, why do you hate our Christian God?
JOHNNY: I swear to you, Darla, I was brainwashed by the Taliban!
DARLA: You mean, even though your inspiration, Malcolm X, preached the brotherhood of man, and the Koran plainly states, "Allah does not love transgressors," your entering into a war against wholesome American values was all a misunderstanding?
JOHNNY: Misunderstanding? *Um*, you lost me there.
DARLA: Don't you see, Johnny? Your boneheaded error will make you the poster child for prayer in school and hanging the Ten Commandments in government buildings!
JOHNNY: But plenty of people have misused religion for their own selfish benefit. Why single me out?
DARLA: Because it's easier to spit on a dumbshit fuckup than to encourage and find common ground among good men of all faiths.
JOHNNY: Now *that* I understand!



Filming Johnny Walker's story in Mexico provides all of the realistic poverty of Afghanistan, but less of that crazy danger. Here, he escapes with headstrong missionary/token love-interest, Darla.

Rosalita the maid had a reputation for cleansing every crevice in the bathroom. The diligent domestic spent hours draining pipes and scouring rims.

J. S., of Fort Huachuca, Arizona, walks away clean with $150. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Babe, you gotta do somethin' about that yeast infection."

SATIRE. NO SUCH MOVIE EXISTS.

Girls of the GED

Other porn magazines scour this country's campuses to find coeds indistinguishable from professional models. In the interest of fairness, HUSTLER combed America's smaller colleges (and other places of learning) to bring you the realistically raw underclassmates you crave.

Soda McNut - DAIRY DEN

High-school dropout Soda McNut wouldn't trade her occasional employment at Dairy Den for anything, especially ambition. With a passion for "skinny, scraggly bearded men who beat me," this homebody from scenic Mudfuck, Tennessee, "don't got nothin' to live for" but is always ready to "get pregnant."

Cheyenne Sorehole - STATE PEN

Arizona native Cheyenne Sorehole has been chemically dependent since the age of six and proved to be "a fast learner." Having once "killed the man who raped me," the only thing now being wasted by this State Pen girl is her potential.

Emily Crunch - SHITSVILLE COMMUNITY

When she's not sometimes attending night classes at Shitsville Community College & Mini-Mall, Georgia peach Emily Crunch spends her days "lookin' for my baby's daddy" and "ain't above whorin' to pay the rent." Though she's struggling with her midterm, Emily did pass her AIDS test.

The Jawbone of an Ass

Thanks to nonstop endorsements on superhuckster Pat Robertson's Web site, the apocalyptic book series *Left Behind* has burned up best-seller lists nationwide. Now that he's stepping down from the Christian Coalition, Pat will have more time to plug other scary shit of an inflammatory nature.

PARODY. NO SUCH PRODUCT EXISTS. PAT ROBERTSON AND HIS NETWORK DO NOT ENDORSE HEMORRHOIDS.

Hollywood Boffo for Bullshit

That's a Crap!

After years of cramming dumbed-down, big budget entertainment schlock down the American public's gullets Hollywood shelved some potentially upsetting TV and movie projects after the September 11 attacks. The politically corrected studios seem to believe Americans are no longer mature enough to make their own decisions concerning entertainment with bloodshed or a New York skyline, yet truly horrific fare such as *Vanilla Sky* and *The Majestic* continues to assault the country in its time of crisis. HUSTLER looks into the future and sees your megaplex crammed with dumbed-down, big budget ultrawimp schlock.

AND COMING SOON!
Missing in Akron,
Tom Clancy's Hunt for Waldo *and*
James Bond in ***Goldfeelings***

Tele-fools

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A NOS, IF PORNY NO SUCH SERVICE EXISTS BUT YOU PROBABLY SAW THAT COMING

Feedback

Raye Delight

Life is totally unfair. Why do homo pop stars such as A. J. McLean fuck hot stripper chicks such as Casey Raye, while I'm stuck with pudgy waitresses and strung-out, white-trash hairdressers? Okay, I'm done venting. Just wanted to say that your coverage of Casey Raye (Casey Raye: Backstreet Boy's Backdoor Love, February 2002 HUSTLER) was great, but you forgot to mention what XXX videos she was in. —B. K.

Beloit, Wisconsin

The lovely Casey Raye performs in *Cumback Pussy #32* (Elegant Angel) *Nymph Fever #3* (Legend Video) and *Shut Up and Blow Me #22* (All Good Video)

Loose Lips

I'm writing to thank you for an excellent issue of your fine magazine. I've been locked up for eight years now and seen a lot of porn magazines. It takes a lot to excite me these days, but the March 2002 HUSTLER really did the trick. It was so good that I bought it for five packs of smokes. The spread featuring Diamond sealed the deal (Diamond: Lip Service). She is wonderful. I think I'm in love. Does Diamond have a fan club that I can write to? —F. E.

Lincoln, Nebraska

Diamond Studded

You have to bring back Diamond (Diamond: Lip Service, March 2002 HUSTLER). Those are some fine pussy lips! I would love to nestle between her legs and slide my tongue between those beefy flaps. In my book, the bigger the cunt lips, the better. I'd pay good money to see those danglers wrapped around my prick. —R. E.

via Internet

Precious Jewels

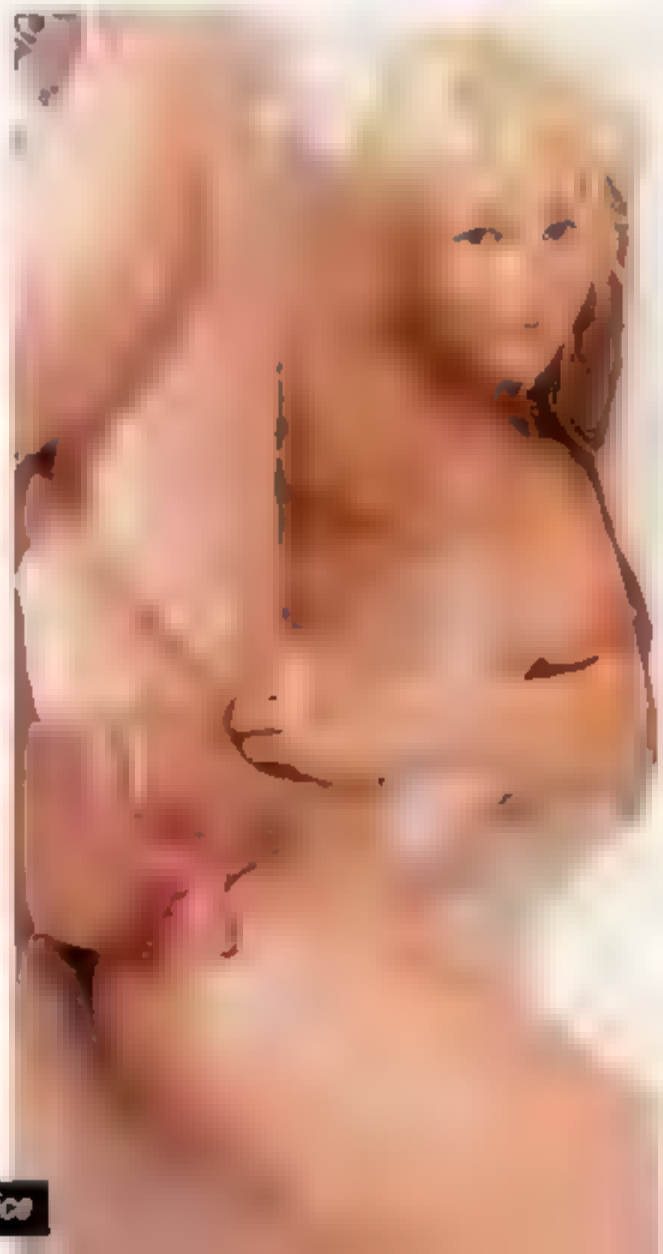
I just received the March 2002 HUSTLER and felt compelled to comment on Diamond (Diamond: Lip Service). Those are the most incredible cunt flaps that I've ever seen. Can we see more of her over-sized genitals in a future issue? —T. C.

Royal Oak, Michigan

The response to Diamond's ample labes has been overwhelming. We didn't realize that our readers had such a fetish for excess genital flesh. Does this mean we can finally run our never-seen photo-set *Rudy: The Dude With the Six-Inch Foreskin*?

Cracker in the Can

I was flipping through HUSTLER when I came across a nigger dick penetrating a white pussy. I threw out the magazine.



Diamond: Lip Service

When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue

I'm going to be incarcerated for the next five years and nine months. I see more than my share of niggers every day, and I can't stand it. I had intended to subscribe to HUSTLER, but now I've changed my mind. Unless it makes you guys happy to show rug-heads fucking our women, please stop. —D. B.

Michigan City, Indiana

Yes, D. B., publishing photos of interracial sex does make us happy. Publishing photos of any kind of sex makes us happy, but we take particular joy in pissing off racist boneheads such as yourself

Mono-tone Moron

The December 2001 HUSTLER contained a serious turn-off that needs to be explained. Destiny: Afrolicious may have been your idea of a bad joke, but I have to ask: Since when do we admire Afro-Americans in a sexual way? I've heard all the talk about equality of races, creeds, etc., but I want to see white women, not black, brown, red or yellow. This isn't a racist statement. I just don't care for black spreads in my favorite magazine, even if it is for a bad joke. I really hope that a long time passes before you sacrifice another seven precious pages on images of a savage culture. —P. W.

San Diego, California

Feedback

HUSTLER is run by Americans, and as such we value freedom, liberty and tolerance above all else. That's no fucking joke.

Leave the xenophobia to Osama bin Laden and his Taliban cronies. HUSTLER is run by Americans, and as such we value freedom, liberty and tolerance above all else. We will continue to publish fuckers of every nationality. This is something that we are patriotically compelled to do, and that's no fucking joke.

An Immodest Proposal

Marry me, Dutchess, you fine thing (Beaver Hunt, February 2002). I'd like to hang my bologna all over your bod, you young, tattooed piece of cock meat. —*T. J.*
Eugene, Oregon

Like Mom and Apple Pie

Here's something I'd like to see in HUSTLER. Show a chick being anally penetrated and pissing at the same time. She should be in the reverse-cowgirl position; so we can best see her shitter impaled by the pole and the flow of pee as it streams from her cunt. I think it's a no-brainer that anal sex and piss fit well together. —*J. S.*
Douglas, Arizona

Anal sex and pissing are a perfect match; that's why we cram every issue of HUSTLER full of both. While we work on fulfilling your specific request, we recommend that you check out the video work of Max Hardcore.

The Price Is Wrong

I've enjoyed your magazine for years, but have a little problem with you guys. Playboy only charges $19 a year for a subscription. I'd subscribe to HUSTLER if it was that cheap. —*R. F.*
Circleville, Ohio

You get what you pay for, R. F. When was the last time you opened *Playboy* to see cum dribbling out of a babe's mouth? How often does Hugh's rag feature anal sex? Have you ever seen an unobscured shot of a pussy in that piss-poor excuse for a girlie mag? If you want the genuine article, paying a few extra dollars is a reasonable expectation.

Fake Tits, Please

I love HUSTLER, but would like to see more silicone-enhanced tits in your layouts. Most of your babes are natural and beautiful, but a statuesque, Pam Anderson type would be nice every once in a while. —*O. F.*
via Internet

Backing Butt Sex

For those of us fortunate enough to have a deeply trusting, sensually adventurous relationship, your February 2002 issue's pictorial titled Catharine and Henry Jockey for Each Other was wonderful. Gender-bending is not an issue here. This kind of sex is about exploring the delights that men and women can give to each other. By being conservative pussies, all the chickenshit, anal-retentive guys out there have no idea what they're missing. If we want our ladies to be open to all means of sexual pleasure, we males must be open as well. Thanks, HUSTLER, for bringing this method of pleasure to light. I truly hope you will continue to provide us with this kind of unflinching truth. —*D. B.*
Vacaville, California

Pink in the Middle East

I heard an item on the radio stating that Larry Flynt is suing the United States government because they won't let HUSTLER send reporters to the front lines of Afghanistan. Is this true? I really liked the "Don't Fuck With Us!" page in the January 2002 HUSTLER. I put it up in my station at work. After reading Terrorism: A Survival Guide (February 2002), I know that HUSTLER is ready to aim its no-holds-barred journalism at America's "New War." —*W. H.*
Coralville, Iowa

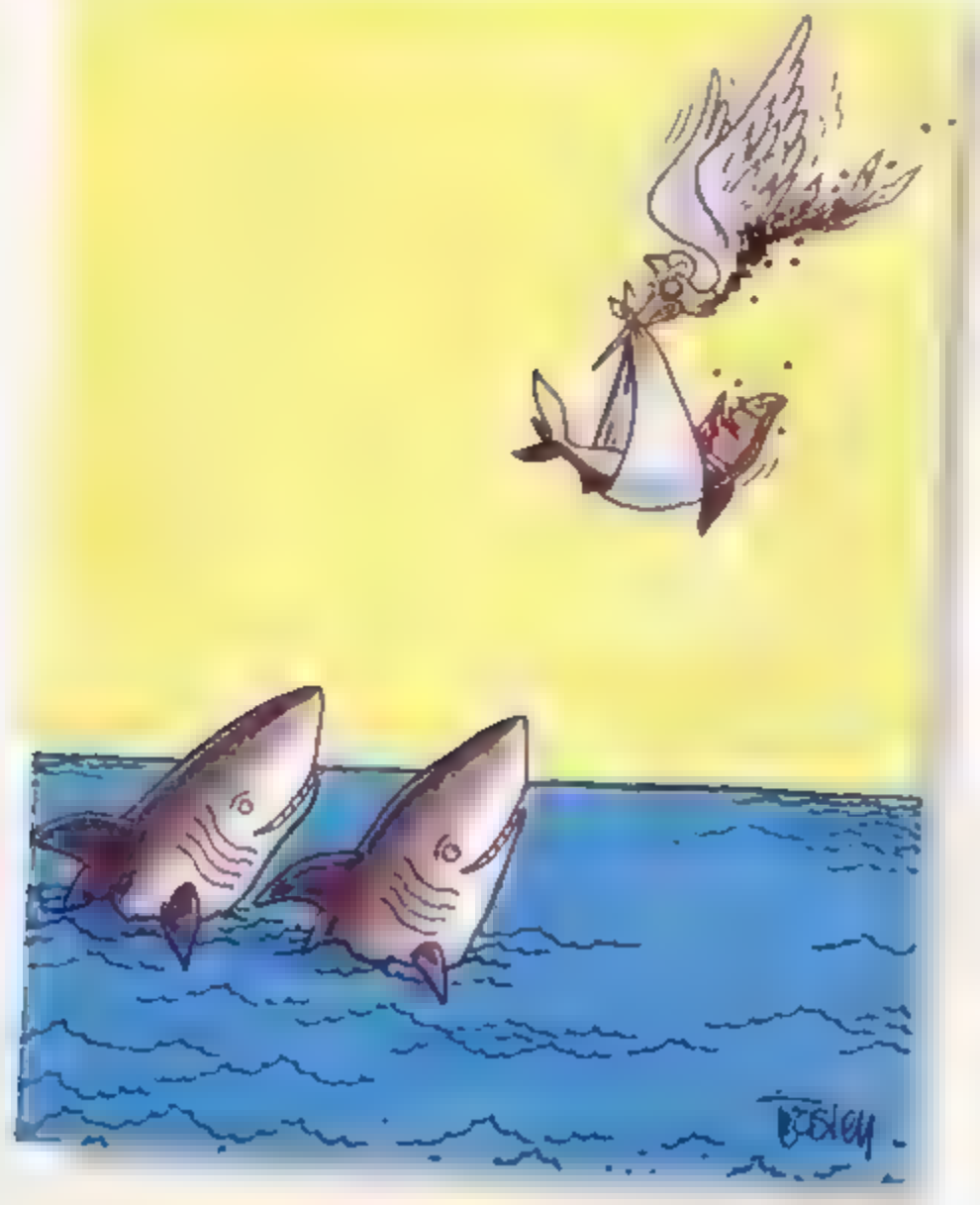
GRAFFILTHY

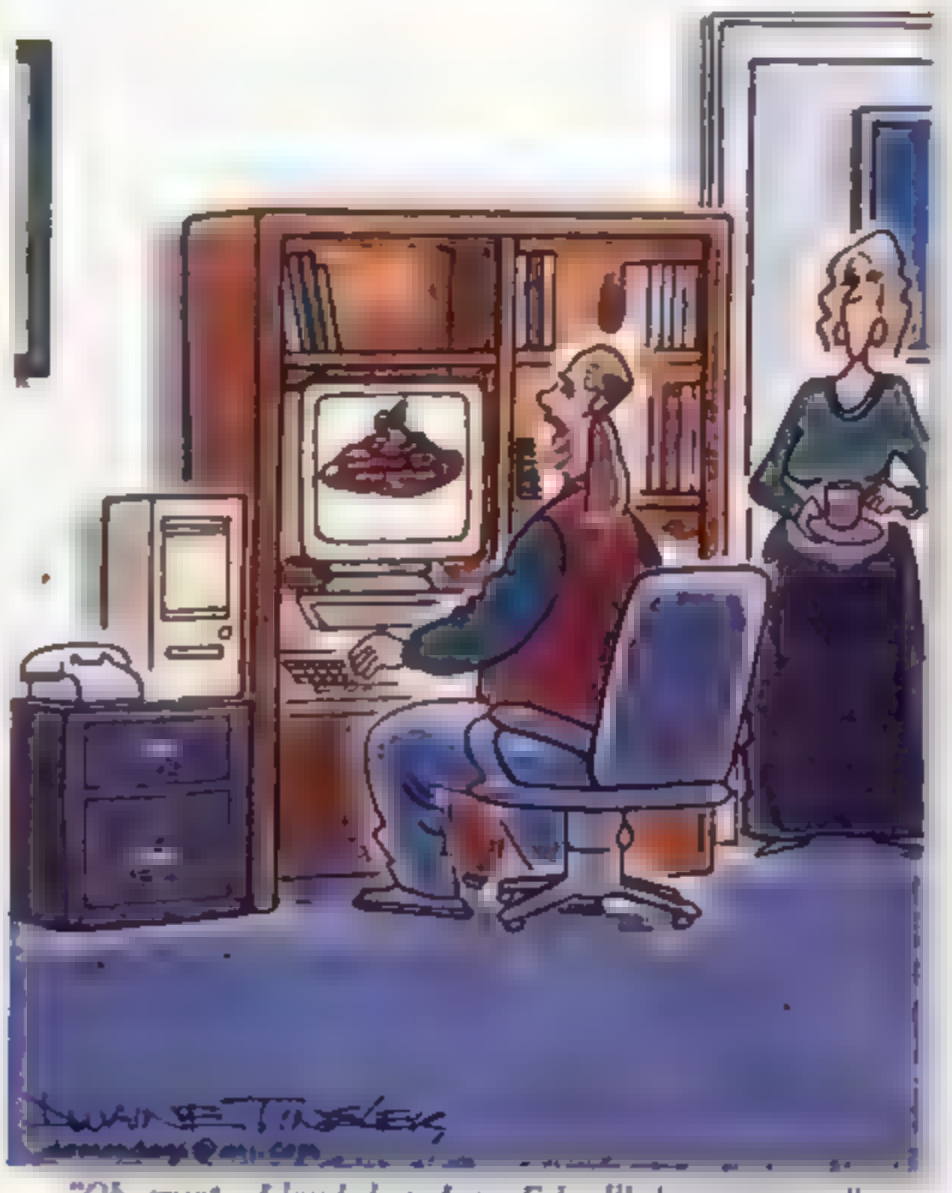
Thanks and $50 go to Kenneth L.

HUSTLER Humor Cartoons

"Oh, come on! It can't taste that bad!"

Pardon me . . . I told you I must terribly
ill I went before you?"





"Oh, great—I landed on Jerry Falwell's home page."

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Feedback

Today's media seems satisfied to stand by the sidelines. This cowardly behavior is at odds with the freedom that America stands for.

The practice of sending journalists to war with American troops has been in place since the Civil War. The public backlash against Vietnam (which was partially inspired by shocking news images) has cooled our military's enthusiasm for allowing the press full access to our nation's wars. Today's media seems satisfied to stand by the sidelines and only report what the government wants it to. This cowardly behavior is at odds with the freedom that America stands for. HUSTLER is fighting to cover America's New War, because nobody else is.

Great American Eses

I am presently incarcerated in a New Jersey correctional facility. I'm looking for info on a book called My Bloody Life by Reymundo Sanchez. You guys ran an excerpt in the February 2001 HUSTLER, and provided a phone number, but since I'm in jail I need a mailing address to order a copy. I'd love to read this book, since I once lived the same life as the men it mentions. Any help would be greatly appreciated. —C. L.

Delmont, New Jersey

My Bloody Life is published by Chicago Review Press, 814 N. Franklin, Chicago IL 60610, and will set you back $21.95 (shipping included). Make your payment with a check or money order.

Beaver Disbelief

Normally I don't write to magazines (especially to complain), but something came up that really torqued my ass. My favorite part of HUSTLER is Beaver Hunt. It's nice to see regular working women posing and trying to earn the $5,000 grand prize. They're a great antidote to the tanned, wealthy, bleach-blond, silicone-chested, perfect-ten clones that seem to be in every magazine these days. I was really pissed to see your 2000 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize winner in the September 2000 issue of Penthouse as Pet of the Month. What the hell is that? Did she really need the money she won from HUSTLER? I hope you guys have the balls to print this letter and respond. I am a loyal HUSTLER subscriber, but it seems I'll have to subscribe to other magazines to see next year's Beaver Hunt winner. —B. N.

Clinton, Ohio

Ana premiered in the June 2000 HUSTLER well before *Penthouse* ran her photos. All you need to do is look at the onetime amateur's submitted photo (on page 109 of that same issue) to see why we selected her as a finalist. Subsequent reader response clinched the *Beaver Hunt* title for Ana. We don't regret making this now-successful adult model our winner, but we promise to ensure that true amateurs dominate *Beaver Hunt* from now on.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

#3
PREMIERING MARCH 2002
EXCLUSIVELY ON THE EROTIC NETWORKS
ASIAN FEVER

Dear Slut

Jeanna Fine Tells the Fucking Truth

Dried Up?

When I first started dating my girlfriend, we would have great sex three to four times a day. She would have intense orgasms that would soak our crotches. When we make love now, her orgasms are less profound and her pussy doesn't drip like it used to. What can I do to bring back my girlfriend's old-school orgasms? —B. M.
via Internet

Falling into a routine can spell the death of a healthy sex life. Break up your coital patterns. Try different times, positions and locations for fucking. Next, wage a psychological attack on your woman's libido. Ladies are easily as turned-on by mental stimulation as physical contact. Create a mood and romance her, then use plenty of dirty talk before, during and after your fuck session. Fresh waterworks will soon follow.

Reluctant Dyke

My girlfriend is really turned-on by the girl/girl pictorials in HUSTLER, but she isn't interested in experimenting with lesbian sex. Every time I bring up the subject of adding another girl into the picture, the bitch becomes irate. What's the deal; is this babe a self-hating bisexual? —D. Y.
Yukon, Oklahoma

The "bitch" 's problem is that she's dating an asshole who can't tell the difference between fantasy and reality. Just because your girl gets wet from looking at a lesbo layout in HUSTLER doesn't mean that she wants a bird's-eye view of her boyfriend's prick buried deep in Linda from accounting. Get a clue and quit pressuring your woman.

Best Friend's Girlfriend

I've been developing a very close relationship with my best friend's girlfriend. After he left her and shacked up with a 17-year-old, she and I briefly hooked up. Once my buddy found out that we were an item, he came crawling back and she accepted him. I know that my pal still cheats on his girl, and I'm very tempted to drop a dime on him because I've fallen in love with his woman. Would ratting him out be sleazy or gallant? —M. G.
via Internet

You'd be better off walking away from this situation and washing your hands of the whole complicated mess. The relationships in this triangle have morphed too much to be healthy in the foreseeable future. Cut off contact and don't look back.

Barnyard Brothel

I was very intrigued by a recent HUSTLER article about bestiality. I've done a little research, but haven't really been able to find any decent animal porn. I'd like to try beast-boning for myself, but I'm not really interested in fucking dogs and cats. Are there pimp farmers who let you pork their sheep and horses? —S. D.
Chicago, Illinois

There are rumors of such bestiality brothels, but the tales of these sex farms could easily be urban myths. If you really want the inside scoop on animal fucking, you need to become a part of the scene. Since bestiality is illegal in many states, you'll need to earn the trust of experienced zoophiles before gaining entry to their world. Become an active contributor to Internet message boards and chat rooms. Only then will full-fledged animal lovers share their darkest secrets.

Ass Afflictions

I've finally experienced anal sex. It didn't hurt as much as I thought it would, but I did notice a little blood afterward and felt a tiny bit of irritation when I wiped my ass. Is this a hemorrhoid, a tear or what? The discomfort isn't so terrible that I need to go to a doctor, but I'd still like to know what the deal is. What are the symptoms and treatments of basic anal injuries? —R. D.
Sun Valley, Idaho

You'll know a hemorrhoid when you feel one. The pain will be prolonged and fairly intense. Inspection will reveal a swollen, perhaps bleeding, lump of flesh jutting from your anus. A simple tear, which is what you probably have, is irritating and often bloody, but not half as painful. Serious rips, on the other hand, will hurt like a motherfucker, bleed profusely and require immediate medical attention. In all cases, take a break from anal sex until healing is complete.

Topless in Seattle

I'm 19 years old and have been stripping for several months. I'm having a difficult time making as much money as the other girls. I'm not the best-looking babe in the club, but there are girls way uglier and fatter than me pulling in serious dough. What am I doing wrong? How can I make men cough up their cash? —R. B.
Seattle, Washington

Dear Slut

"I've noticed that people sell used sex dolls and rubber vaginas online. Is it a health risk to fuck a pre-owned sex toy?"

First off, check your attitude at the door Just because you're good-looking doesn't mean that you're God's gift to perverts. A smile and an attentive demeanor go a long, long way. Many pretty girls spend their shift in the back room fixing their makeup and bitching about the money that they're not making while the other girls are out front working for their dough. Stop focusing on your co-workers' physical defects and learn their techniques. I think you'll find that it's their excellent customer service that earns them their tips

Nerd Love

My husband has a very low sex drive. Women's magazines recommend using porn videos as an aphrodisiac, but smut tapes don't seem to work on my hubby. He's not the porn-and-football type; he's more into his novels and computer games. Any tips on scoring nookie from my geeky lover? —W. K.

Euless, Texas

Play to your man's interests. Leave erotic novels around the house. Challenge him to a round of strip Tetris, or surprise him in a skimpy Lara Croft or Xena outfit Feeding off of your lover's fixation with sci-fi, fantasy and games can add enough kink to satisfy both of you.

Used-cunt.com

I've noticed that people sell used sex dolls and rubber vaginas online. Oddly, there aren't many used vibrators or dildos up for sale. Is it a health risk to fuck a pre-owned sex toy? Why don't many women sell their old dongs? —U. L.

Westminster, Colorado

The only way to safely clean a sex toy is to put it in a pot and boil it. Larger items, such as full size dolls, are more difficult to sterilize completely. Big, expensive fuck dolls are routinely bought, sold, shared and traded, but dildos, dongs and the like are so cheap that you may as well buy a new one, unless used sex toys are your fetish

"For heaven's sake, Tina! How many times do I have to tell you to pick up your toys?!"

Corked Sausage

When I woke up to take my morning piss, I found that my peehole was plugged with crust. The little piece of gunk made urine spray all over the place, then finally gave way and shot out into the toilet. Where did that crud come from? Do I have some kind of venereal disease? —V. J.

Castle Shannon, Pennsylvania

Probably not. With no lingering pain or swelling, it's likely that your prick-plug is the result of a dried-up, nocturnal emission Check your sheets and shorts for stains and try to whack off more regularly if you want to prevent future splooge blockage

Agony and Ecstasy

What's the scientific reason for a kick to the balls hurting so bad? Do my cojones simply have more nerve endings than the rest of my body, or is there some other mechanism that causes me to writhe when I even think about someone attacking my family jewels? —D. C.

Kalispell, Montana

Can you name any other organs that dangle so precariously outside of the human body? The testes are compact, highly sensitive and have a direct neural line to more tender internal organs. Trauma to the balls sends warning jolts throughout the body, hence the nausea, shudders and cramping often associated with a boot to the groin. Evolutionists theorize that the seemingly perilous placement and fragile nature of such organs is nature's way of reminding us to doggedly protect our procreative parts

Jeanna Fine

Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic [illegible] advises you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire [illegible] 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or [illegible]

ANGELINA & BOBBY JOE

SERVING HER NEEDS

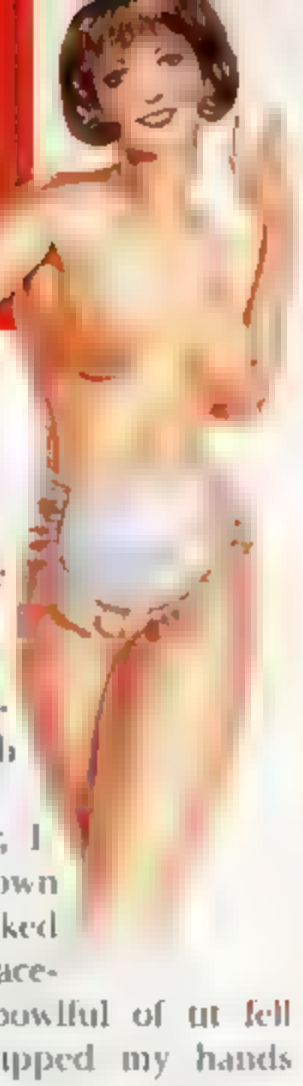
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

"I don't have enough money to leave a gratuity," Angelina tries to convince her waiter.

"Lying bitch! You're one of the wealthiest women in this club!" hardworking Bobby Joe snaps back.

The sultry, conniving redhead strokes the server's trembling leg and grips his angry, swelling rod. **"Cash couldn't sum up how grateful I am for all your attention today. Let's have you stiff me with your big tip."**

Hot Letters



Spread It With Flowers

My wife, Ellen, is ten years my junior. Her mother is only 38—closer to my age than the girl I married. The night I met Jenette, I began fantasizing about having a sexpot like her for a mother-in-law and committing adultery worthy of a Hot Letter. Three years after Ellie and I were hitched, my dream came true.

My bride and I took Jenette for ribs last Mother's Day, then the three of us hung out at her house drinking vodka on ice. Jenette has a big-screen TV; so that's a typical Sunday for us anyway. When Ellie got asshole-drunk and fell asleep sitting up on the sofa, that was normal too.

Jenette and I giggled through a movie on the tube. I became aware of her slender hips and her fat titties, which heaved with every guffaw. My mother-in-law knows how to dress; every breath strained her white blouse, threatening to pop open the snaps, which were the same color as her denim skirt.

"I want to thank you for my carnations," the delicious, middle-aged broad cooed. She put her cigarette in the same hand as her drink, flipped her light-brown hair out of the way and hauled my head close to hers.

Jenette shoved her tongue deep into my mouth. As we swapped spit, the unmistakable scent of ready pussy assaulted my nose. In my head, I could see her fuckhole filling with juice, a single drop leaking between her still-taut nether lips and into the white, cotton undies I'd folded for her once.

Nostrils flared and eyelids drooping, my mother-in-law grinned and wiped our commingled slobber from her mouth. She jammed her fingers, cold from the drink, into my shorts and squeezed the base of my boner. As Jenette's icy, wet touch wandered down to prod my sac, I could feel millions of tadpoles come to life in my nuts and fasten their seat belts.

On the sofa, Ellie made a gagging sound and began to snore. I picked up the flowers (the wife had insisted we buy them on the way over; so, in a sense, it was Ellen's fault that her mom was about to fuck me).

When she was 19, my wife had been a choice piece of ass, with creamy, pale skin, bright, green eyes and the best vaginal grip I'd ever had my cock strangled by. The past three years of daily boozing and rough fucking had taken their toll though. Ellen's skin had turned veiny and her eyes bloodshot; her cooter flaps had taken on the dimensions and texture of wilted lettuce, and every bottle in my liquor cupboard stank of her stale pussy ooze.

Jenette may be 16 years older than Ellen, but these days, the mom is definitely the hottie in the family.

I stood up and parked my crotch an inch from Jenette's mouth. Playfully, she nipped at my jeans, running her teeth along the bulging fabric.

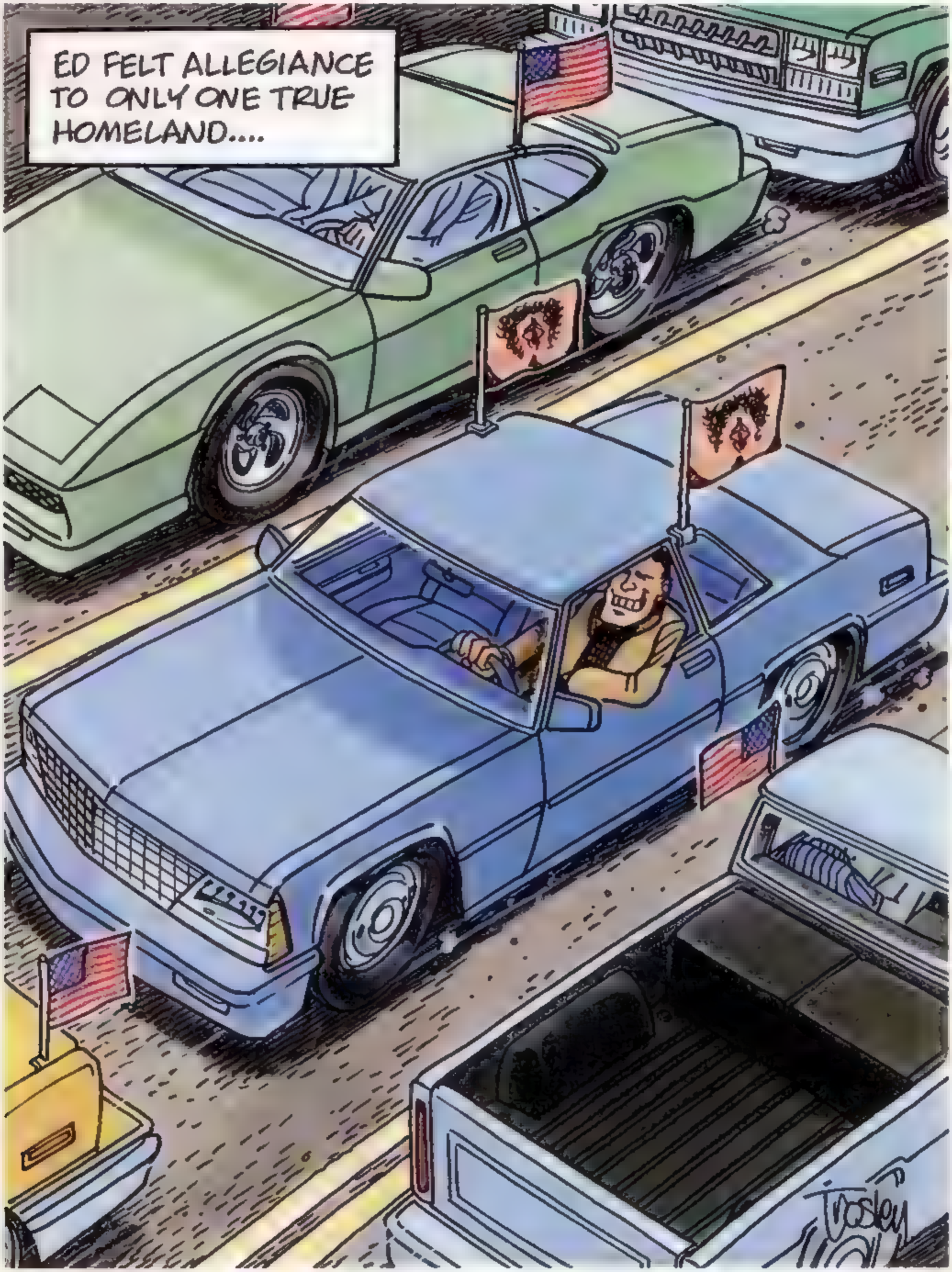
I grabbed her hand and the vase, leading her out of the den.

"Let me try your bouquet in the bedroom," I said, smooth as hell.

A few paces later, I shoved Jenette down on the bed and yanked her blouse open. A lace-covered, generous bowlful of tit fell to either side. I slipped my hands under her bra. Her red nipples thudded against my fingertips as I pinched them.

"Oh, *Daddy!*" my wife's mother yelled as she wriggled out of her skirt and kicked it into the corner of her bedroom.

Moving my hands downward, I lowered Jenette's panties. The carpet proved to be a few shades lighter than I'd imagined. The sight of her waistband dropping to reveal a dirty-blond patch of pubes was as pretty as a sunrise. I tugged at a few straw-colored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Jenette opened wide to let me jam my prick down her throat. I grabbed her stiffened right dug with gooey fingers as I pumped her gullet raw.

hairs along her weeping labes, eliciting a "*Yesssss*" from the over-30 stunner and wetting my fingertips in the process. I plunged two digits into her accommodating hole

Her slickened lips gave way easily, but clung tight around my poking fingers. Jenette spasmed rhythmically. I twisted my knuckles around in her sweating pu as I positioned my aching cock against her face. I felt her moist, gusting breath through my fly. The amorous gal gripped my zipper-pull with her teeth and eased it down, letting my hefty bone spring out.

Just as I was about to witness my mother-in-law's still-pretty face fill up with my fatty, Jenette gurgled and squeezed her eyes shut

"I'm—*kuh*," she announced, her motor skills giving way to the sensation of my knuckle bones against her cervix. While my schween threatened to split at the seams, Jenette shuddered, then convulsed. Ellie whimpers when she orgasms; her ma bellows like it's Jurassic Park instead of a bed

After her throatier shouts subsided, Jenette clamped her thighs around my hand and opened her eyes. The sight of my veiny member made her eyes cross and squeezed another below-the-waist shudder out of her.

Finally, I thought, as my mother-in-law opened wide to let me jam my prick down her throat

I know it isn't right to compare your wife to other women, but Ellen's a piker when it comes to smoking dick. Mom should teach her a few things: I made Jenette gag repeatedly, but the old trouper kept her head and didn't back off an inch. As I rode her skull, she gently removed my hand from her still-buzzing nether region. Out of courtesy, I grabbed the postorgasmic cow's stiffened right dug with gooey fingers as I pumped her gullet raw

My wad took me by surprise; hot string leaped from my nuts and down into her stomach in a half-second. I blasted her throat five more times before pulling out and spilling goo all over her big tits and her belly too, once Jenette helpfully slipped the tip of her tongue against my asshole

Since that Mother's Day, we've gotten Ellie drunk and slipped off into the bedroom to sin three or four more times every month; Jenette claims that we'll stop if my wife ever becomes pregnant

The way my marriage is going, it's more likely that I'll father another in-law before I make a baby with my wife. If Ellen can't top her mother, I will. —S. W.
Galveston, Texas

The Pudsucker Doxy

My name is Godiva. I don't doubt that my preoccupation with all things medieval stems from an early unwillingness to accept that my parents named me after their favorite store in the mall.

I'm a camp follower for King Arthur's Faire, a traveling show that tours the Midwest like a carnival every summer, except that we don't have rides, games or candy. The kids stay away, and I don't blame them; if I knew of a better place to sing madrigals for tips and mount jugglers behind a porta-potty, I'd be there

The most recent oaf to dip his flesh-dirk in my lady-chamber was Cham, a tall, reedy clown who had worked up a "Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy" act. He was hyperactive and untalented, but the pooch-mugged buffoon's stash box was filled to bursting. So was his codpiece

Sunday night was take-down, when the wood stalls are packed up for the move to the next town. I stayed far from the hard work, pulling up stakes on my own little pup-tent, still in my grimy, bodiced dress that makes my knobs look as tempting as two firkins of mead. I glimpsed Cham checking me out from behind. I don't blame him: somewhere in the loose folds of fabric, my ass was round and tight. Short girls like me who stay fit tend to have the best tushies. I casually pulled my long, brown frizzes to one side and, the next time I bent over, hoisted my dress off my butt to demonstrate that I wasn't wearing any underpants

I stayed in that position for a second, which was enough time for the dog-faced boy's moose-sized schlong to slam against my pussy. I howled in pleasure as his cum-oozing cock tip pressed into the slippery meat just behind my densely furred flaps

"*Oooh*, Hymie!" I gasped. "Dost thou find me a comely wench?"

"Save that shit for the suckers," the madcap said. The bells on his jester's cap jingled in time to his increasingly deep thrusts

I shrugged, parted my rump cheeks with my hands and pushed back into him.

There's a historical precedent for such behavior; in medieval *(continued on page 30)*

BOBBIE

AMONG THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

"I wish someone would pick my cherry," Bobbie giggles. The loose-fitting strap of Bobbie's dress slides off the virginal waif's silken shoulder. A perky nipple confirms that she's not joking. **"Do you like my tit?"** Bobbie asks in an anxious whisper. **"I have another just like it."** The coy blonde steps off her scooter, eager to mount up for a different ride. Bobbie parts her toned legs and makes her offer. **"Hop in; I know a trip that's really worth taking."**

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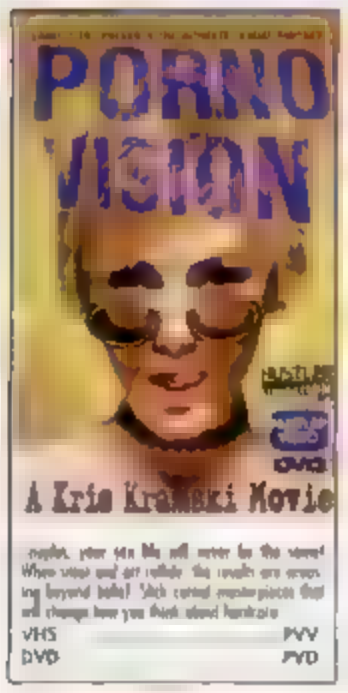

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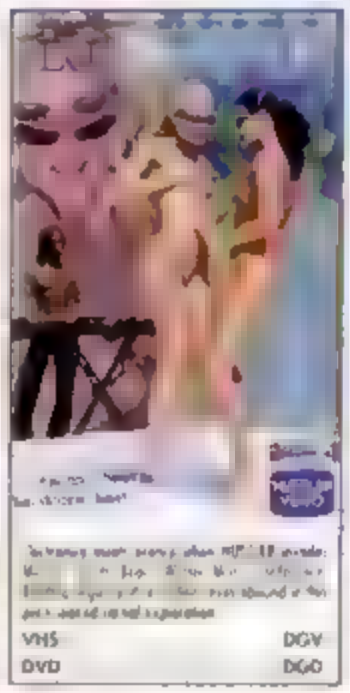

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Erotic entertainment

Edited by Gus Mastrapa

Brazilian Snake

Directed by
Starring
Videocassette

Pierre Woodman's *Brazilian Snake* features one of the most despicable villains to be captured on videotape. The titular serial killer targets the finest examples of gorgeous cock-loving babes that Rio de Janiero has to offer, fucks them in the ass, then murders them. Greedy bastard. The flick follows Yasmyne Fitzgerald and Alain Deloin, two cops committed to busting the buggering slasher on their investigation of Brazil's underworld. Deloin's first stop is to the local red-light district, where he picks up a streetwalking Judith Fox. The tramp blows the cop in his unmarked car, slides a condom over his prick and fucks him senseless. Kudos to director Pierre Woodman for this rare XXX portrayal of safe sex. While the whore-dicing antics of the *Brazilian Snake* are evil, fucking a Rio de Janiero whore without a condom is just plain stupid.

—Nicholas Veridian

Jewel (left) decries yet another smear job.

Daddy's Little Girl

Jewel De'Nyle Defends Her Accused Stepdad

Larry Jack Schwarz, stepfather of anal queen Jewel De'Nyle, has recently been named in an incest case. The trouble began when Jewel's stepsister confided to her therapist that Schwarz had sexually abused her between the ages of four and 18. The ensuing fallout resulted in Schwarz, a Colorado state legislator-turned-parole-board member, being ousted from his $77,000-a-year job. Police searches of Schwarz's Colorado home turned up numerous boxes of porn, much of it featuring De'Nyle.

Jewel claims that corrupt government officials and a shady stepsister are giving her stepfather a bad rap. De'Nyle believes that her stepfather did screw her stepsister, but maintains that the affair began when the latter was in her late teens and was mutual. "This was something that happened 30 years ago," she told *Erotic Entertainment*. "It was consensual. And she's not even his real kid. He was going through a divorce at the time, and she was leading him on."

Jewel maintains that the allegations are an obvious smear campaign. "I think that some opposing government people went to her trying to dig up any dirt on my [step]father that they could," Jewel fumes. "I think that they tried to offer her something or told her she would get something out of it if she filed a complaint."

Jewel flatly denies having any sexual involvement with Schwarz. She says that he is aware of her career in pornography and is completely supportive. Regarding the stacks of videos and magazines that were seized from Schwarz's home, Jewel says, "You know what porn they confiscated? The porn that I had made and all my magazine layouts. I store them all at my parents' house."

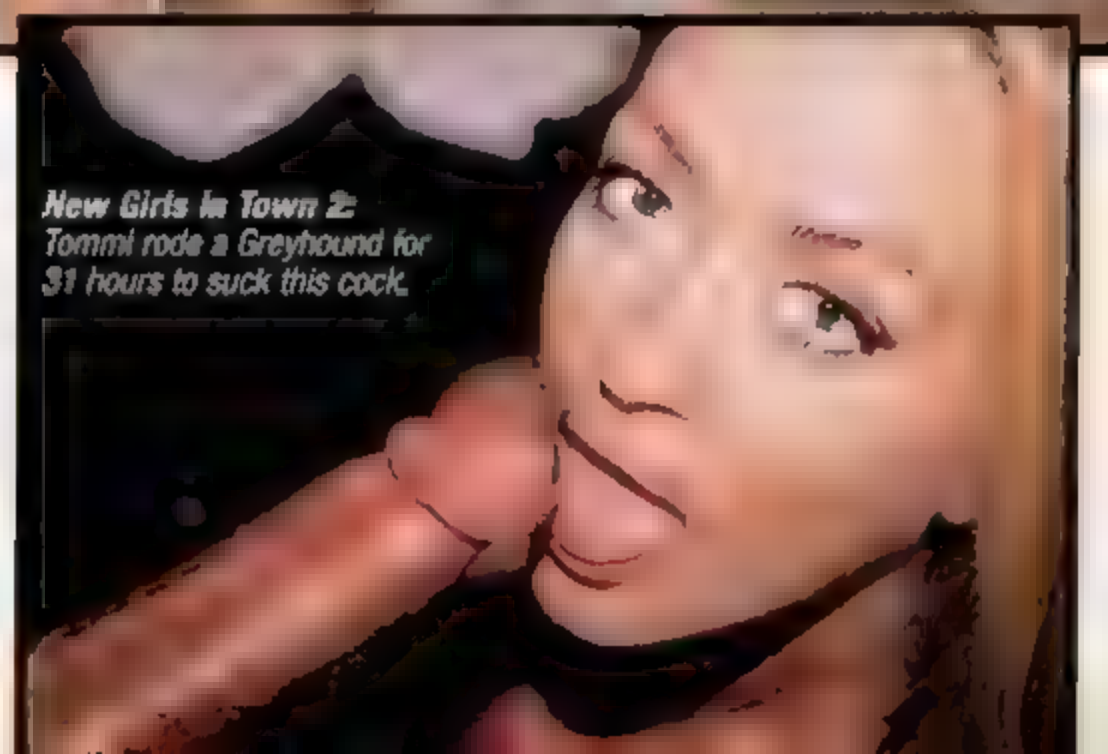
"Under the statute of limitations," Jewel concludes, "the prosecutors have no case, and they know it. So they used me being in porn as an excuse to make it an ugly public situation. My dad is not hurting anybody, nor has he ever. That's what is really sad."

As the investigation continues, Jewel is arranging for her folks to relocate to California.

De'Nyle—shafted like Pops?

Big Omar's British Lotty Totty: "Blimey, my lodger's put this bird

110% Natural: "You big faker, I haven't even stuck it in yet


New Girls in Town 2: Tommi rode a Greyhound for 31 hours to suck this cock.

The Attic: A military tribunal at work.

New Girls in Town 2

Directed by
Starring
Videocassette:

Fresh meat fills the menu in *New Girls in Town 2*, as Jonathan Morgan interviews and videotapes a bevy of young porn starlets. A long talk with 19-year-old Jenna Haze climaxes when Haze demonstrates just how fast she can make herself come and expounds at length on her love of sucking dick. Morgan then takes advantage of his status as a big-time porn director and porks the blue-screen ingenue, treating her to a messy facial. *New Girls* hits pay dirt with Australian vixen Little Jody. The tasty treat from down under has only performed in two vids so far, but she pounces on Brad Armstrong's pecker like a starving dingo. A very young Monica Sweetheart, fresh off the boat from Hungary, is another highlight. Boasting attractive, relatively unspoiled sluts, *New Girls in Town 2* is a welcome neighbor to any stroker hungry for budding talent. **—Clive Thurstwood**

110% Natural

Directed by
Starring
DVD: Red Light District

Trashy Euro-slut Sophie Evans hosts *110% Natural* but never spreads for the camera, leaving the other 88% of the female cast to take up the slack. These Budapest-based starlets may not boast exquisite looks, but they make up for their minor aesthetic shortcomings with enthusiastic sluttiness. One tramp, with a bony, snarling face reminiscent of PJ Harvey's, takes on an enormous black prick. The ebony boner stuffs her box, squeezing a juicy queef from the sourpuss's fleshy folds. Elsewhere a juggy blonde folds her mams around a prick. Her bust jiggles hypnotically as the rod pistons through her chest valley. Later another towhead reclines on a child's swing set as a stud thoroughly pounds her twat. Each scene is imbued with a gratifying sense of urgency; the moans, grunts and squeals feel real. Every nut's authenticity is sealed by the fact that the humpers work up a sweat. *110% Natural* brims with pure hard-core

—M. K.

Big Omar's British Lotty Totty

Directed by Omar
Starring Jebbie Eva and Omar William
Videocassette:

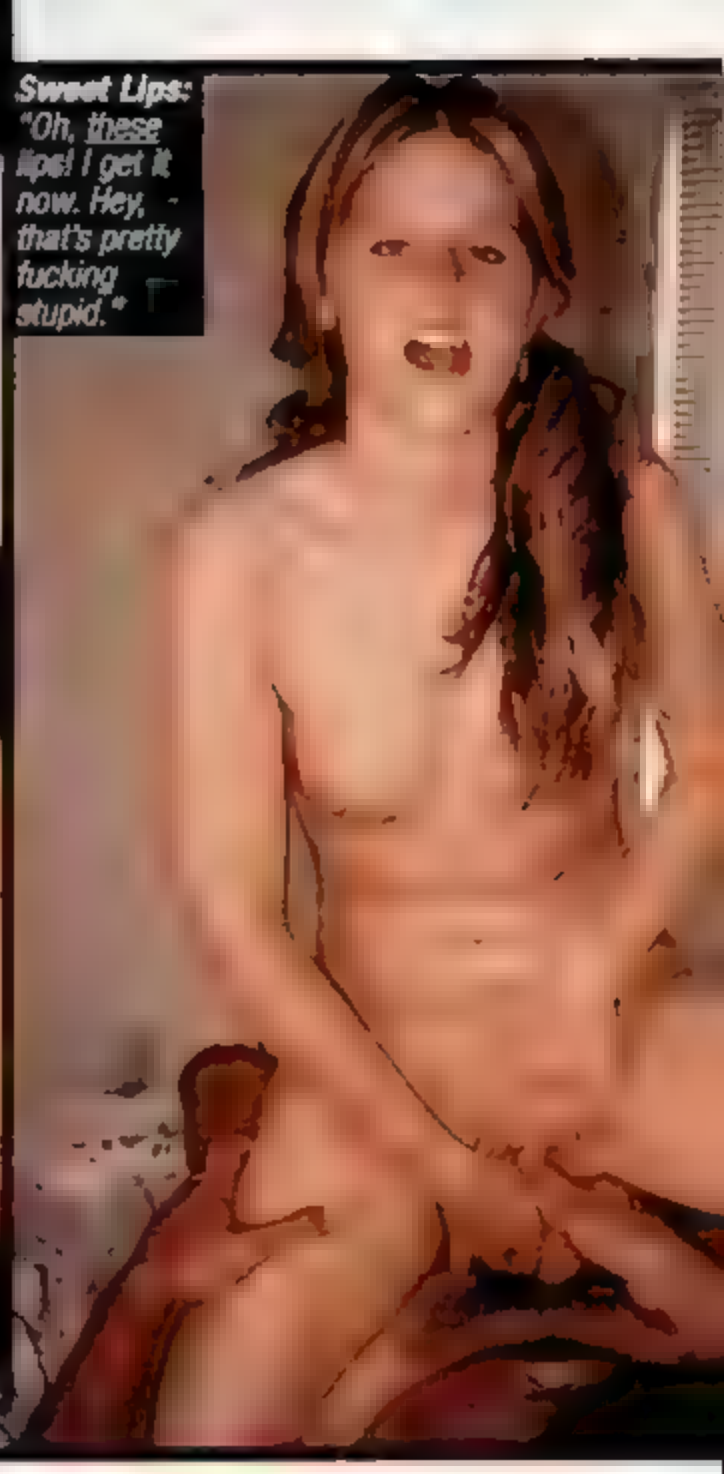
Affable Afro-Brit Omar Williams cheerfully launches his massive flesh missile into a half-dozen snaggle-toothed English lasses in *Big Omar's British Lotty Totty*. From hefty to homely, Omar doesn't discriminate, happily inserting his black anaconda in the substandard trollops' straining orifices. The grinning swordsman also pays homage to the comic stylings of his late, great compatriot Benny Hill during a few loopy segments between fuck scenes. In the best nut, a horny shopkeeper locks the front door and takes Omar into a back room to demonstrate her skill with a dildo before the enthusiastic stud violates the redhead's pale skin with his ebony sausage. The proprietor gladly tongues Omar's asshole in return for the drilling, and her agonized squeals are bone-swellingly genuine as she accommodates our host's schlong. Demonstrating how far a good attitude and a gargantuan cock will take a man, *Big Omar's British Lotty Totty* scores despite its fruity-assed title. **—C. T.**

The Attic

Directed by Thomas Zupko
Starring Veronica Caine
Videocassette: Extreme

Logic dictates that pornography is not the ideal forum for political discussion. *The Attic*, from madman director Thomas Zupko, brazenly defies this seeming truism. Zupko comments on America's ambivalent history in five XXX feverdreams, each aggressive, angry and executed with all the delicacy of a napalm bomb. Grunting cretins slathered in red, white and blue violate a bloodied Veronica Caine. The patriotic pricks crowd her mouth, slam her cunt and ass, then plaster her face with jizz. In other scenes, two Civil War-era soldiers sexually maul a sultry Native American, a pair of cops rough up a blond immigrant, and a redneck G.I. anally attacks a Japanese hottie in an internment camp. The flick's finale portrays George Bush Sr., W. and Ronald Reagan raping the Statue of Liberty. Like HUSTLER, *The Attic* simultaneously screams ugly truths and reams gorgeous babes. **—M. K.**

Threesome Dim-Some: Sunrise makes herself useful.



Sweet Lips: *"Oh, these lips! I get it now. Hey, that's pretty fucking stupid."*

Threesome Dim-Some

Directed by
Starring

Threesome Dim-Some shows how a trio of perverts can create infinite combinations of sleaze. Clocking in at well over two hours, the tape is packed with outstanding action. Two choad-starved tramps drain a lucky mook's wang. A single ginch is later plundered by two cock wielding deviants. Brandy Starz is particularly memorable for her musical asshole, which provides steady sonic accompaniment dur ing a particularly thorough prob-ing. The slender blonde giggles happily as her sphincters dilate three whole sizes bigger on that day. The centerpiece of this triple-delight orgy is angel-faced Sunrise Adams. The innocent-looking wench teams up with sultry, brunet Faith to ride Julian's hefty prong, leading up to a drooling facial finish. *Threesome Dim-Some* is a full-course banquet of gourmet filth.

—*C. T.*

Sweet Lips

Directed by
Starring
Ginger L
Rod Steel
Videocassette

So-Cal amateurs pork for home-grown smutmakers in *Sweet Lips*. Upstart producer Sandy Bunz's lat-est offering is a poorly lit, indoor affair shot on a consumer-grade home-video camera. Jaundiced skin tones and bruises come into sharp, unwanted focus. Swordsmen's pot-bellies loll while female flesh shifts awkwardly under the light's glare. But these are all things that viewers have come to expect from amateur XXX, right? Slender novice Angelina saunters into the living room in a red bikini and matching silk gloves. Sandy points out that the slender hottie has dirt on her butt, wipes it off, then exits so that the hard-core can commence. Angelina wolfs down a prick, savoring its veiny goodness, before mounting the beast and breaking into a brisk gallop. Her fuckmate appears barely able to hold his nut. No mat-ter the budget, when *Sweet Lips* kiss cock, it's hard to hold back.

—*N. V.*

Pregnant Fantasies

Directed by
Starring
Videocassette:

Pregnant Fantasies obliterates the razor-thin line between existence as a low-level porn gash and life as a welfare mom. Gravid white-trash princess Krista takes time out from cashing her monthly dole checks to feast on chocolate love courtesy of ebony swingers Washington Jones and La Cresha. The melon stomached blonde takes a drilling from behind, giving her unborn a prenatal taste of what a future with mom holds. The star of the show however, is Shane, a sweet-faced brunette who performs a blowjob while *very* pregnant, then returns for action once her spawn is deliv-ered. After filling a shot glass with breast milk, Shane douses a cock with her tit juice and eagerly sucks the creamy member. Thankfully Shane's stretch marks are mini-mally visible during her concluding fuck. Only strong stomachs should risk viewing the bloated bellies of *Pregnant Fantasies*.

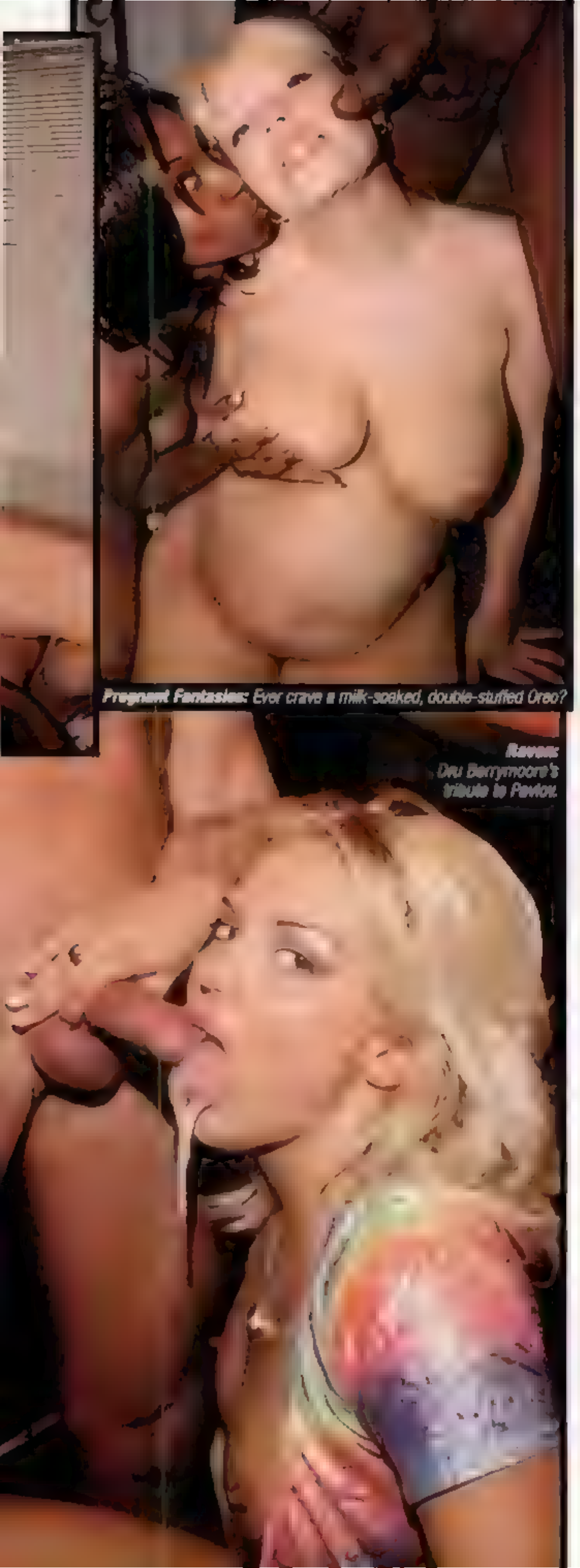
—*C. T.*

Raven

Directed by Robby
Starring
Dru Berry
Bobby Vitale
Videocassette: Vivid Video

Raven's star Cheyenne dropped her last name (Silver) and gained sever-al pounds of synthetic breast flesh after signing her contract with Vivid. The statuesque brunette, looking as comely as ever, has retained almost all the cock-starved enthusiasm that made the starlet a perennial *Erotic Entertainment* favorite. In this outing Cheyenne plays a carnally unsatis-fied housewife who adopts the title moniker when fucking around at a local swing bar. The wannabe slut works up the nerve to whore around by gulping several shots of tequila, then drops to her knees and blows Chris Cannon. Cannon props the leggy babe on a bar stool and viciously stabs her gash with his prick. Thrilled with her newly discov-ered looseness, Cheyenne returns to fellate a trio of barflies, then demon-strates her slatternly skills on her hapless husband. Light on creativity, *Raven* soars only when Cheyenne is filled with dick.

—*N. V.*



Pregnant Fantasies: Ever crave a milk-soaked, double-stuffed Oreo?

Ravens: Drew Barrymore's tribute to Pavlov.

Render unto Serenity that which is Serenity's. In this case about five grand.

Orgy on a Budget

Pricing a XXX Bacchanal

The Roman Empire may have conquered continents, erected architectural wonders and laid the gladiatorial groundwork for the WWF but Rome's greatest contribution to the ages is the orgy. These sensual smorgasbords of exotic food, potent drink and unrelenting sex celebrated carnality without consequence

Today, of course, everything has a price. Inspired by Wicked Pictures' bacchanalian throw-down *Serenity's Roman Orgy* (reported to have cost upward of $50,000), *Erotic Entertainment* estimates how much cash such a bash would require

Cast

Porn sluts charge for everything. The going orgy rate for eight starlets is approximately $1,200 each (anal and facials will add to that cost). The average stunt cock stands to earn $800 for a sex party: If the idea of watching your buddies lay pipe nauseates you, you'll need at least four. Want to top off your festivities with a grade A centerpiece cunt? A contract girl's day of work will set you back about $5,000.

Subtotal: $17,200

Crew

There's no point in throwing a sexfest if it can't be recorded for posterity. A smut director can easily earn $5,000 for a day of ordering three cameramen (at $300 each) to point their lenses at a cunt. At his side stand a $600 director of photography, a $300 assistant director and a production manager who earns $500 (plus whatever he can filch from the budget). When the auteur needs a latte, he calls on one of three $150-day production assistants. Also on hand are a gaffer at $[illegible] and boom-mic operator at $22[illegible]

Subtotal: $8,[illegible]

Beauty

You don't want to skimp in this department. Three makeup artists at their $500 day rate and two hair stylists at $300 each will be needed to cover every bruise, pimple, track mark and wrinkle. When they're done with you, they'll work on the grips.

Subtotal: $2,100

Set

While some may be satisfied to fuck on a cold, concrete warehouse floor (which rents at $1,000/day), the proper atmosphere is vital for an effective gang bang. For $500, a set director will hire two $300-day carpenters to assemble four rented Roman columns at $75 each, erect a fancy, vine-covered trellis ($200), then slather the whole mess with four cans of $5 paint.

Subtotal: $2,[illegible]

Costume

Togas and sandals don't come cheap. Outfitting the babes will run $75 each, and the dudes around $95. Additional male costumes (read: condoms) will be needed to the tune of $100. Fifty tubes of lube at $3 each are a necessity.

Subtotal: $4,[illegible]

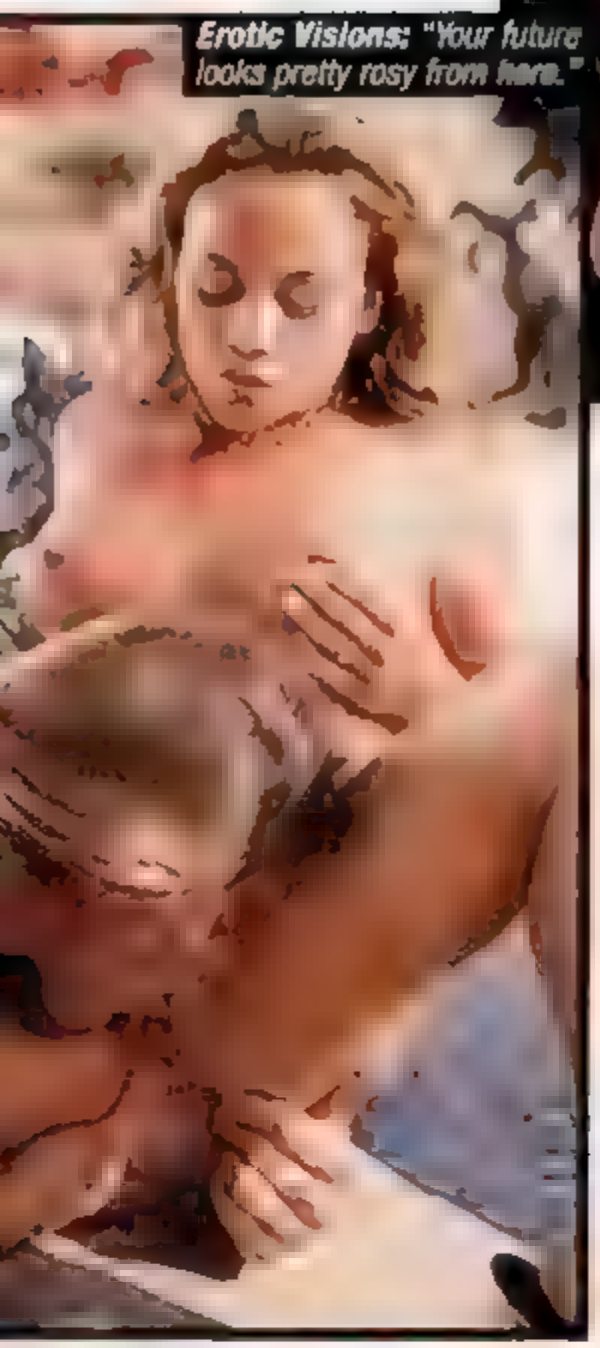
Catering

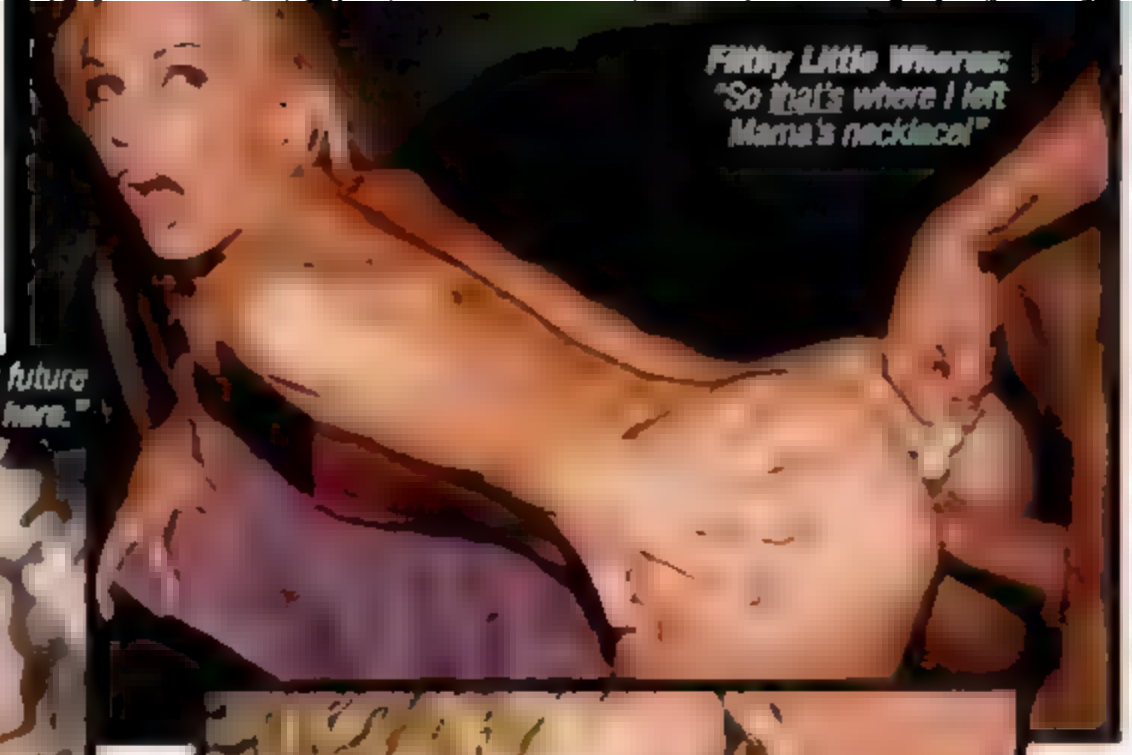
Times have changed, and quail eggs cost a fortune. When feeding the troops, four bags of Doritos, ten two-liter bottles of soda, several bowls of assorted candies and a couple trays of warm food (e.g., microwavable quesadillas or mini pizzas) will probably suffice.

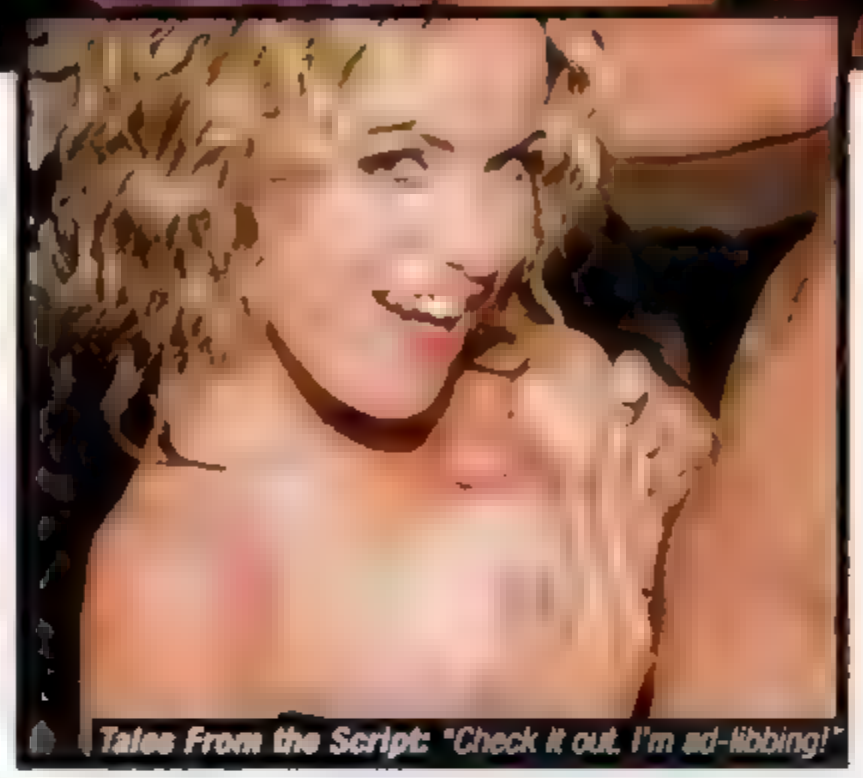
Subtotal: $74.[illegible]

COST [illegible]

Total: $32,[illegible]







Erotic Visions

Directed by James Avar
Starring
Videocassette: Cal Vista/Met

Artsy-fartsy camera tricks and hazy sex in the San Fernando Valley's tackiest mansions comprise the scenery in *Erotic Visions*. Free of any plot, the video washes over viewers like an extended montage of high-fashion boning. Phoenix Ray's drool-inducing bod is thoroughly probed in an opening scene that could have been a scorcher had the director not replaced actual fucking sounds with ultracheesy Muzak. A halfhearted moan or the sound of mashing flesh would do more to raise blood-swords than this feeble soundtrack. Phoenix's utterly resentful expression during the half-assed concluding facial is also a downer, though it ably reflects the viewer's disappointed countenance. *Erotic Visions* should've been a damn sight better.

—C. T.

Filthy Little Whores

Directed by
Starring
Videocassette:

A talented stable of *Filthy Little Whores* turns a lazily compiled batch of scenes into a prime excursion into video filth. International cock-hound Monica Sweetheart launches the festivities, undergoing an outdoor D.P. with Dale D'Bone and Cheyne Collins. The sticky tongue-glazing Monica enjoys at the end of her scene makes the sultry wench look like she lost control in a Krispy Kreme Doughnut shop. Later, Flick Shagwell and April are picked up by Mark Davis in another nut-busting threesome. For a petite tramp, April does a remarkable job of cramming Davis's uncut schwang down her gullet. The tears streaming down her cheeks are the only hint of struggle as the lovely starlet huffs his choad. With all of the uncertainty that plagues the world today, it's good to know that we as a nation can still depend on *Filthy Little Whores* to see us through our troubles.

—C. T.

Tales From the Script

Directed by
Starring
Videocassette: Legend

Creepy urban myths take a carnal turn in *Tales From the Script*. Joel Lawrence plays a biker who picks up blond jezebel Hannah Harper on a dark road outside a biker bar. As foreplay, the pair exchange ghost stories which morph into hard-core scenes. Billy Glide is a hotel guest who develops his holiday film to find pictures of housekeeper Nikita Denise using his toothbrush as an anal probe. Glide returns to the scene of the crime and crams his prick in the offending orifice before spackling the rectal joker's tongue with shit-flecked jizz. After the evening of bawdy tales, Harper finally makes her move. The comely hitchhiker strips Lawrence of his boxers and inhales his prick, playfully tickling and slurping his nut sac. Joel throws Hannah's legs over his shoulders, inserts and pounds. Writer Nelson X's clever script is perfectly executed by both director and cast. *Tales From the Script* excels at scaring up boners.

—N. X.

Stroker's Guide

A [illegible] HUSTLER [illegible]

Full Shot

Devon: The Lost Footage (Vivid Video)
Devon, Jules Jordan

Euphoria (Wicked Pictures)
Ava Vincent, Inari Vachs, Lee Stone

Fast Cars and Tiki Bars (Wicked Pictures)
Jezebelle Bond, Bunny Luv, Randy Spears

Young Sluts Inc. (HUSTLER Video)
Claudia Adkins, Luna, Damien Thorn

Three-Quarters Shot

Babes in Pornland (Puritan Video Productions)
Jewel De'Nyle, Gwen Summers, Mark Woods

DJ Groupie (HUSTLER Video)
Sharon Wild, Lola, Joey Ray

Fade to Black (Vivid Video)
Taylor Hayes, Julie Meadows, Voodoo

High Octane (HUSTLER Video)
Isabelle, Jeanette Leonard

Internally Yours #2 (Elegant Angel)
Jenna Haze, Ann Marie, Mark Davis

Kung-Fu Girls (Kick Ass Pictures Inc.)
Sunrise Adams, Sienna, Brick Majors

Melissa West a.k.a. Filthy Whore (X-Traordinary Pictures)
Melissa West, Coral Sands, Chris Cannon

Role Model (Legend Video)
Monica Sweetheart, Nina Ferrari, Tony Tedeschi

Half Shot

The Adventures of Mammary Man and Jugg Woman (Extreme Associates)
Veronica Caine, Kiki Encina, Doug Hummer

Slippery Slopes (Visual Images)
China Doll, Miko Lee, Jade Marcela

A Wolf's Tail (Adam & Eve Productions)
Alexandra Nice, Allysin Chaynes, Joel Lawrence

One-Quarter Shot

Let's Play Doctor (Sin City Entertainment)
Asia Carrera, Sydnee Steele, Alec Metro

The Sopornos #3 (VCA Pictures)
Julie Meadows, Nikita Denise, Herschel Savage

Totally Limp

Industrial Sex (Vivid Video)
Calli Cox, Dominica Leoni, Creed

Rating Guide

Full Shot
Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Shot
Above average. Hard-on material.

Half Shot
Standard fare. Has moments.

One-Quarter Shot
Poor. Don't expect much.

Totally Limp
A waste of time and money.

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Hot Letters

"Suck the salami," Chaim insisted, mashing his stirring python under my nose. I gagged as I fought to cram my esophagus around his donkey-size dick.

(continued from page 33) times, people stank so bad that sex was seldom face-to-face and usually performed without undressing. Chaim had been several days without a shower, and was beginning to smell historically accurate. A doggy-style bang from the dog-faced boy was just fine; I didn't want his filthy, monstrously proportioned member touching anything that couldn't be douched.

As Chaim sunk his big thing farther into my spongy keep, I winced in my effort to accommodate the rancid tool. The fact that I was wetter than a swamp helped, as did the sweat that dribbled down from my ass-crack to moisten my stretched cunt lips.

A credit to his tribe, the Hebrew slammed his humongous putz into seldom-explored recesses of my slurping clutch. I felt a tingle in my clit with every peal of the bells on his hat; soon, the jangling had stimulated me into a flushed spasm.

"*Now is the month of May-ing,*" I yodeled as my fuckhole exploded with Hymie's jizz.

His tender slap to the back of my head cut short the singing and brought on an intense, teeth-rattling climax, which the horse-hung jester sought to prolong by swatting my ass red.

"*Take* it, you crabby whore!" Chaim cried, still popping inside my womb.

The filthy goat thoughtfully jammed his thumb into my winker, grabbing me and shaking me by the asshole against his shaft to prolong the orgasm. My whole body thrummed like a chanting choir of Gregorian monks until the dog-faced boy was spent, at which point he used the thumb up my butt as leverage to pull his thick dong out.

I collapsed to the ground, getting dirt up my cum-drenched cooter. Hymie lay his fouled meat—impressively thick, even in repose—against my lips, nose and ear, slapping the drained hose against my cheek.

"Suck the salami," the dog-faced boy insisted, mashing his stirring python under my nose. The prospect left me nauseated.

"Anon, anon, sir!" I gasped, because he really seemed to hate medieval talk. "I shall buss thy cudgel, if thou leave me anount it."

Aside from HUSTLER, Sterno, Moon Pies and tobacco, my only concession to the modern age is antibacterial hand gel. I tend to polish my pearl before bed, and an infected hoo-hah on the road is no laughing matter. I fetched the cleaning salve from my backpack and slathered it on Chaim's tumescent rod.

My handiwork did wonders; a fresh rage came to Chaim's hard-on as I smeared the gel around on his shaft, cupping his balls away from the astringent goo.

Hymie fought against my grip. "Open your mouth," he said. "I don't want a handjob."

Before I could say "anon," his pile-driver was at the back of my throat, threatening to bash through the base of my skull.

I gagged as I fought to cram my esophagus around his donkey-size dick. When I wasn't wriggling my tongue in an attempt to clear an air passage, I pressed it up against the veiny underside of his sliding piston. The antibacterial gel had dried the skin a bit—I had to consciously produce saliva to keep my mouth wet and soft.

I made a ring with my thumb and index finger, almost encircling his member, to stimulate the base of Chaim's puff, which had no chance of reaching my lips.

As I fought the spew reflex that the dog-faced boy's head-banging triggered in my throat every few seconds, my nipples hardened and I came from the sheer excitement of swallowing that much sword. I felt his scrotum tighten up.

A second helping of nut butter slapped the back of my throat. I couldn't swallow with his heaping slab of cock in the way; a gust of breath hawked the goo back out onto my fevered chin.

Hymie withdrew himself from my gullet and frosted my nose, mouth and cheeks with gunk until my face looked like a hot-cross bun.

"*Huzzah!*" I cried, sputtering antibacterial-tinged splooge.

I may have been hasty when I said they don't have rides at King Arthur's Faire. I'm one of the most popular ones.

—R. K.
Ionia, Michigan

"Sickest fucker I've ever treated. He actually wants to have anal sex with Rosie O'Donnell."

Cum-Drop Soup

Kate, Jean and Danica share a condominium in Southern California; they'd complain if I told you exactly where. All three (continued on page 112)

"Dear, as soon as I teach her how to cook, you're history, Gladys!"

BRANDY & MIRANDA

UNDER THE SINFLUENCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Pulled over for weaving between lanes, tipsy motorist Miranda tries to beat the rap by sweet-talking patrolwoman Brandy. "**Drinking makes me horny, Officer,**" Miranda slurs.

"**Against the car, bitch,**" Brandy demands.

"**a bad cop?**"

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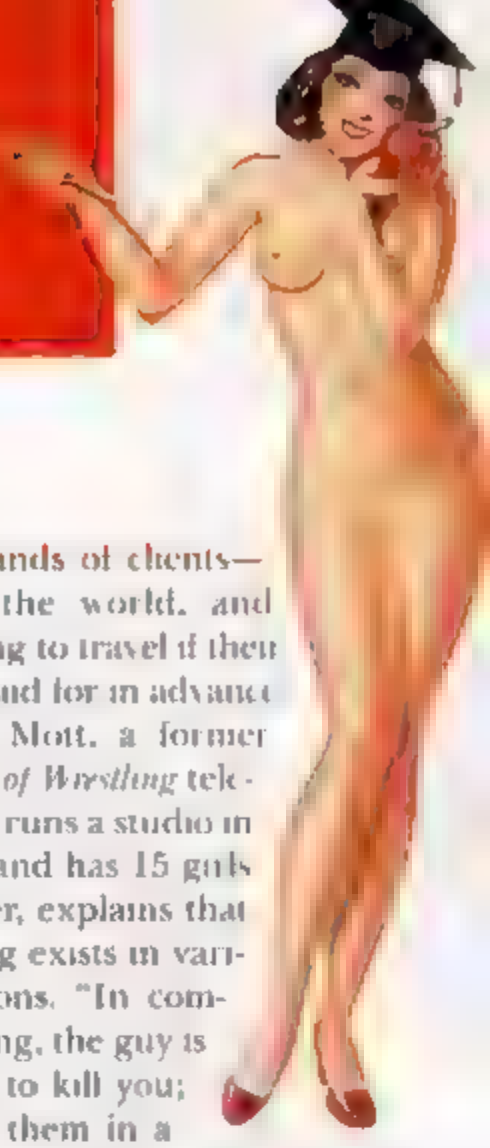


Grappling With Desire

Wrestling Girls for Hire

by Melissa Monet

Without warning, something hooks the back of Andy's knee and jerks him off his feet. The 30-year-old lawyer lands on his back with a breath-bursting thump. He tries to gain his composure and stand up, but again he is struck, too fast for him to react. Andy tries to look at his assailant, but his face is buried; he can neither see nor breathe.

"I wouldn't worry about what's happening, because you won't be awake to discuss it," says a menacing voice from behind. Andy feels his head rising further off the floor as the grip tightens around his throat. He sees powerful muscles flexing. The smell of sweat engulfs his nostrils. In an instant, the weakling's perception is dramatically altered. The light coming in from the window is no longer a brilliant yellow; it now appears to be brown and speckled. An express train roars into Andy's skull and thunders around his eardrums. The air tastes acrid. Just before the room goes completely dark, he grabs frantically at his tormentor, but Andy can't reach behind him. Suddenly, a rush comes over the dominated attorney, and he feels his erection shoot a tremendous glob of semen in his shorts. How on God's earth could a sexy woman like this become so powerful? he thinks as he drifts into post-ejaculatory bliss.

* * *

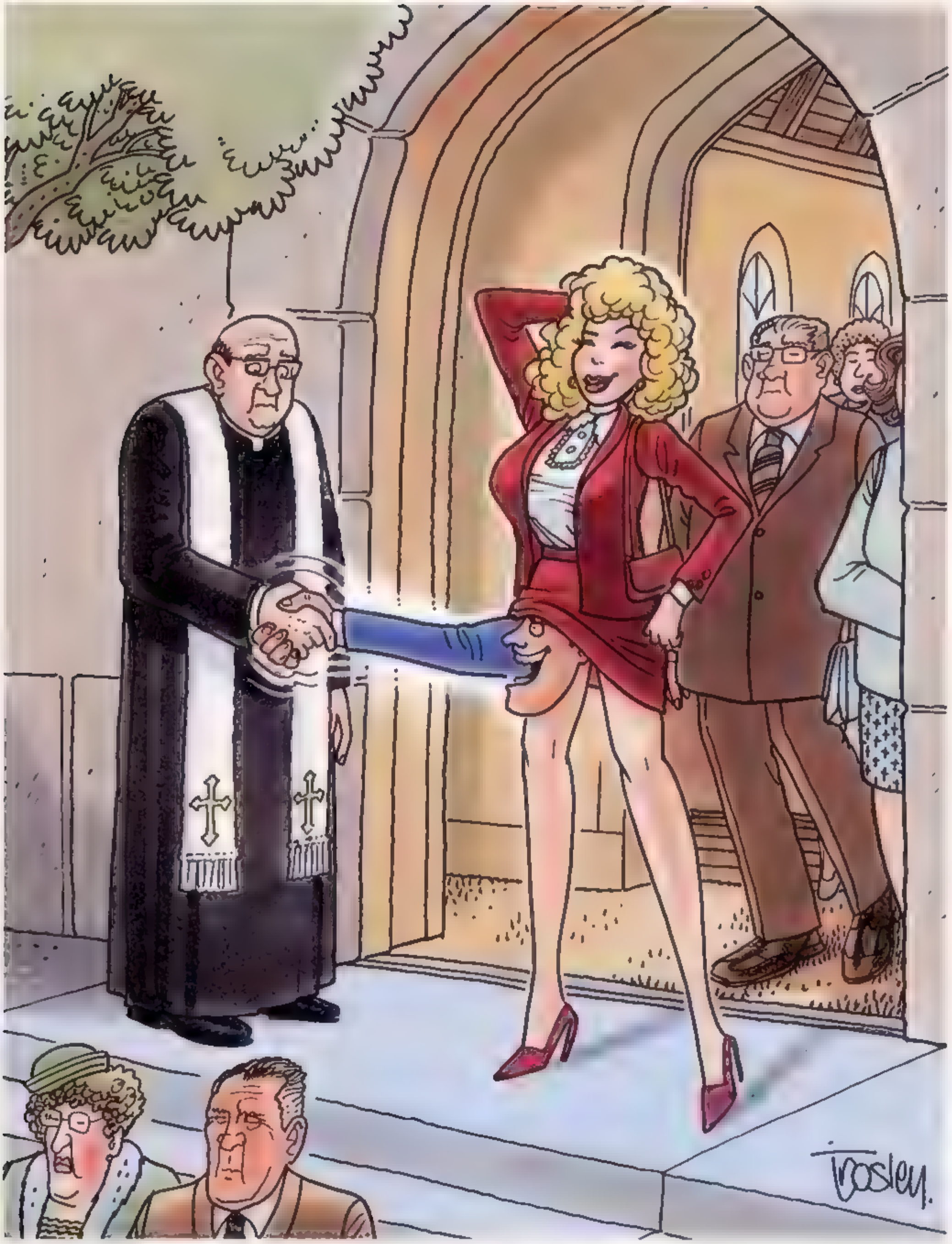
The mere idea that a muscle-bound babe can choke the breath or beat the shit out of a man gives mixed-wrestling enthusiasts raging hard-ons. James, a computer professional from South Africa in his mid-50s, has been fantasizing about athletic women rendering him helpless since he was a child. "What I found most fascinating about it at that time was the notion that a girl could be stronger than a boy," says James. "That she could hold him immobilized if she got him in the right position and could hurt him enough to make him say, '[I] give up.' As I grew older, the element of pain merged with the ingredient of control. By the time I was in my teens, my prime fantasy was being wrestled into painful submission by a girl or woman."

Being scissored around the head and neck by gargantuan, yet feminine, legs is a common fantasy among inter-gender-grappling fans. "Some of the requests I get ask for different holds," explains Utah, a fitness model and former flight attendant, who now wrestles men for a living. Utah, like most mixed-wrestling providers, hawks her wares on the Internet. "They want to know if I do scissors, headlocks or face-sitting. I clutch them real tight between my legs, squeeze them, this type of thing."

Women wrestlers also advertise in *Fighting Females* magazine and weekly papers that run escort ads. While most matches transpire in facilities lined with wall-to-wall wrestling mats, many battling broads work out of their apartments or will fight men in motel rooms, the guy's home or his office.

New York City, Los Angeles and San Francisco have the largest man-vs.-woman wrestling scenes, but hundreds of female wrestlers—who collectively cater to thousands of clients—live all over the world, and many are willing to travel if their expenses are paid for in advance.

Helen Von Mott, a former *Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling* television star who runs a studio in San Francisco and has 15 girls working for her, explains that mixed wrestling exists in various permutations. "In competitive wrestling, the guy is actually trying to kill you; you try to get them in a hold and get them to submit. There are not a lot of women who can do that that is my specialty. Then there's semi-competitive wrestling, where the woman starts out in a sexy hold, like a scissor hold or the breast smother, and the guy tries to escape. In fantasy [also known as sensual] wrestling, the woman sits on the guy's face, and he tries to escape or she just sort of sits on top of him, rubs herself around on him and talks shit. With some of the sensual matches the girl will get the guy in the hold



Good sermon. Reverend, but I think I'll stick to my shipping mass

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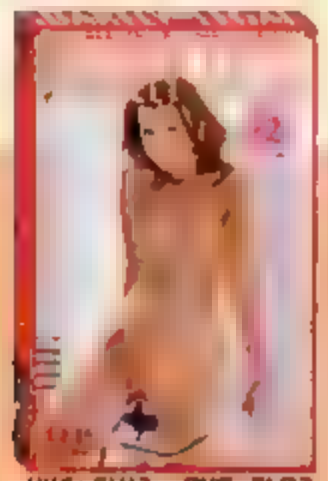
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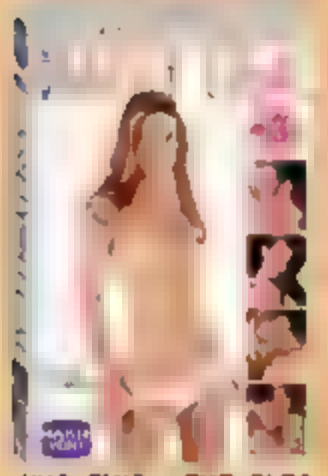
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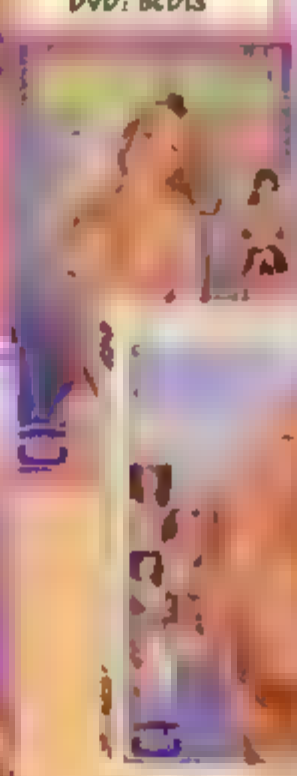
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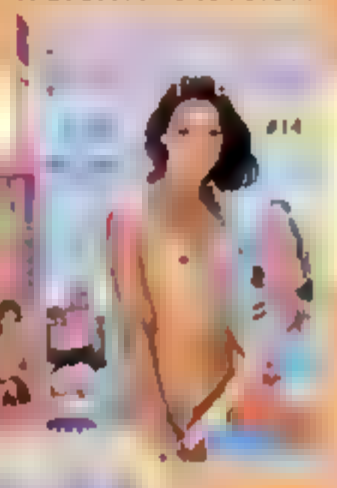
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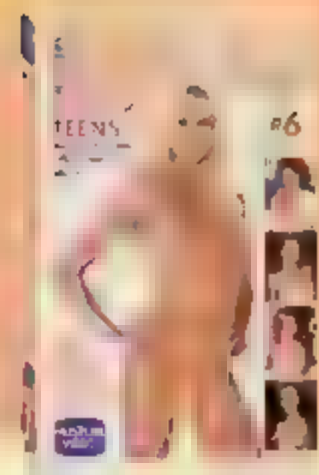
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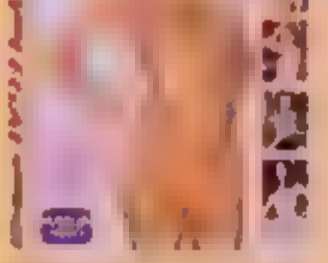
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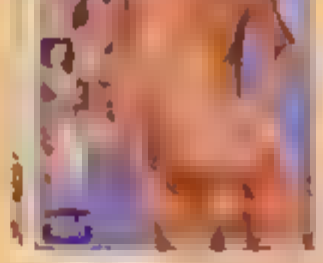
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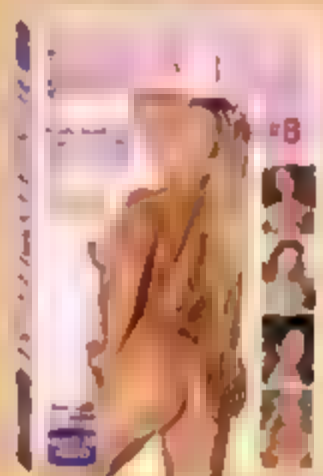
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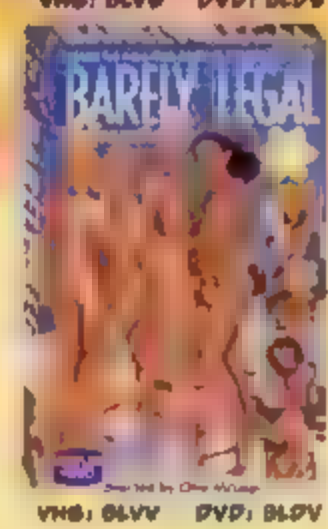

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and the guy will masturbate."

Prices range from a minimum of $150 for a 30-minute session to $1,000 for a full hour.

According to D. J., who runs a Web site devoted to intersex tangling, mixed wrestling is growing in popularity. "I've gotten e-mails from all over the world asking me about it," says D. J. "I guess it's kind of an underground thing, but obviously it's a worldwide phenomenon."

Mixed wrestling includes everything from a friendly game of play-fighting to being choked unconscious and/or repeatedly kicked in the gonads. Seth is one man who enjoys a swift punt to the testicles. "The first time it was an accident," Seth recalls. "I was wrestling this girl and—*wham!* She kneed me in the crotch. You couldn't understand how bad it hurt. After the stars cleared, I realized that I had completely dumped my load. The second time it happened, I realized that I kind of liked it."

Seth began seeking heavier and heavier wrassling sessions. "I read a story about a guy who had been choked unconscious," says Seth. "He said that it made his dick really hard; so, of course, I had to try it. The first girl wasn't that strong, or she was afraid to hurt me. Either way, I didn't get off on it. The next time, I tried it with this huge chick; she had to be about 210 [pounds]. I was out so fast. I didn't even know what hit me, but when I woke up my wrestling shorts were glued to my dick."

Why would a grown man want to be pummeled by a member of the opposite sex? "Some guys will have what's akin to a rape fantasy," says San Francisco sex therapist Howard Devore. "It feels very exciting to them to have the woman overpower them in that way. Some of these men have been abused previously, typically as children—most often by an older sister, an aunt, sometimes even a mother, and they learn to eroticize being held down or mistreated early on in life."

Many men prefer to win the contests, relishing the notion of physically overpowering a female in a sexual setting. According to Chrissy Crush, a mixed wrestler who has had her ribs broken during matches, some customers are just plain sadistic. "Most injuries were not intentional, but I've come across some psychos that get off on causing injury. I have talked to girls where they have had their noses busted because they have been punched."

Like the reasons men have for hiring women to fight them, ideal opponents vary widely. Some favor feminine wrangling partners, while others prefer manly steroid junkies. "I'm not as big as those other girls," says Utah, an attractive woman with supersized, 40EE balloon uts. "I don't do any kind of juice [steroids] or anything. I'm all-natural, except my breasts—of course. I have the biggest boobs with probably the leanest amount of muscle. A lot of the guys say that's why they called, because I look like a woman."

In both professional and physical stature, former pro bodybuilder Nicole Bass (6-2, 230 pounds and 28-inch thighs) is one of the biggest female wrestlers in the scene. During a private session, the self-proclaimed "Queen of Scissors" wears a bikini. "No one resists my scissors," boasts Bass on her Web site. "I am like a python. I start my squeeze very slowly, then apply the right pressure until you tap out. No pain, no broken ribs—unless that's what you want."

Bass declares that there is no sex or nudity allowed, and she requires men to wear shorts while wrestling, but she and others in her field will perform erotic holds that include carrying, smothering, trampling and the perennial male favorite, face-sitting.

"I'm not an escort or anything like that," declares Petra, a San Francisco-based weight trainer and martial artist. "But wrestling is hot, and it turns everybody on, and guys get hard when they wrestle [women]. I say, out of 50 guys, maybe 49 are shooting all over the place before they're gone."

While these body-slamming women don't regard themselves as prostitutes, the majority of their patrons might argue otherwise.

"Sexual arousal and gratification are the core and essence of my interest in mixed wrestling," admits James. "Until I was ten or 11, I presumed that a penis had two functions: urinating and becoming hard when women squeezed men with their legs."

Should James and his like-minded cohorts wish to dispense altogether with the athletic pretensions of their kink, some traditional hookers are cashing in on the male-female fighting market. "They're not really wrestlers," scoffs Crush, who doesn't include sex in her sessions but has wrestled while both she and her customers were nude. "They're just callgirls who are trying to pick up clients [by] doing the wrestling niche."

These prostitutes may not know what they are in for. "Having sex," says Von Mott, "is a lot easier than wrestling a guy."

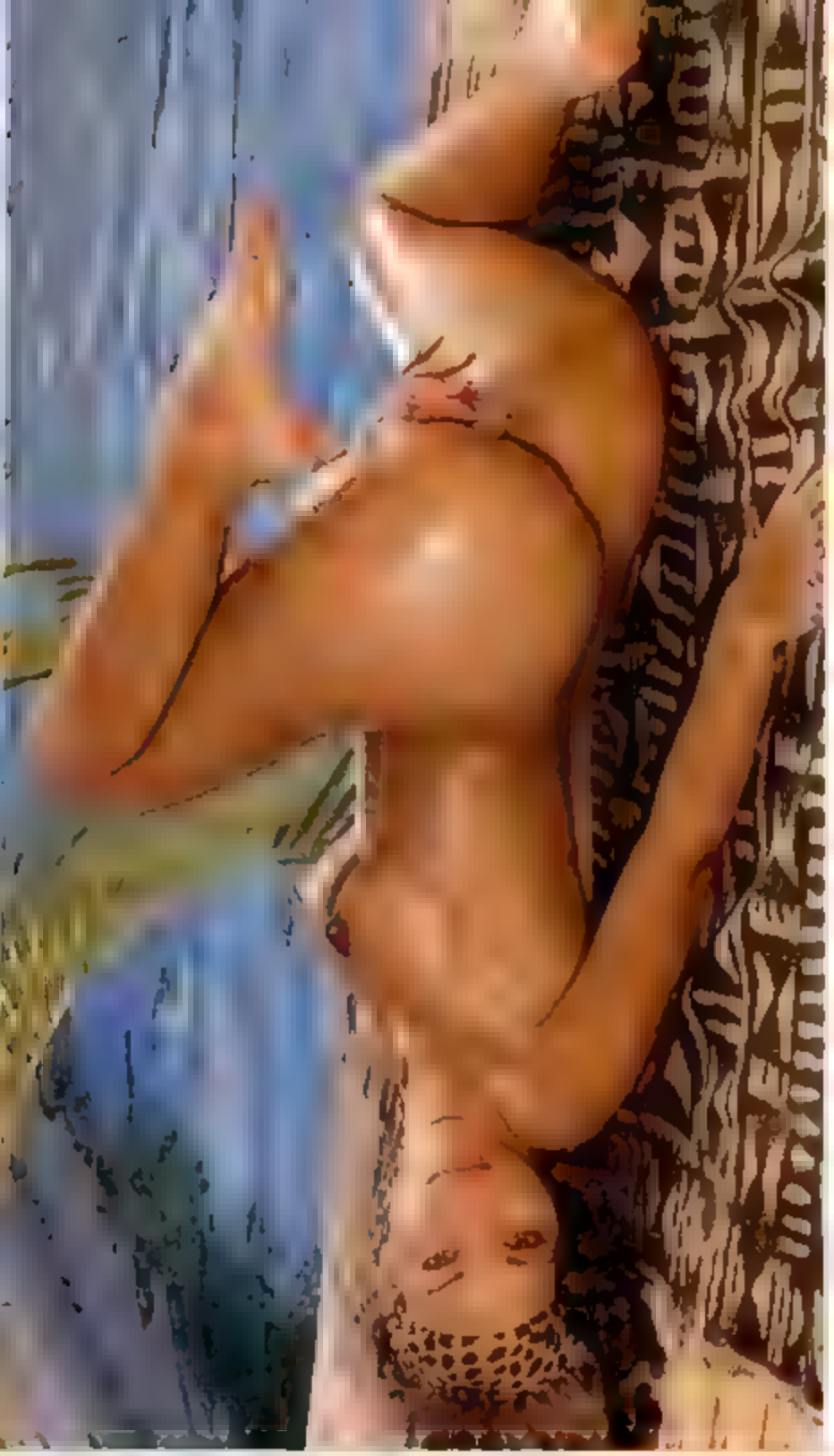
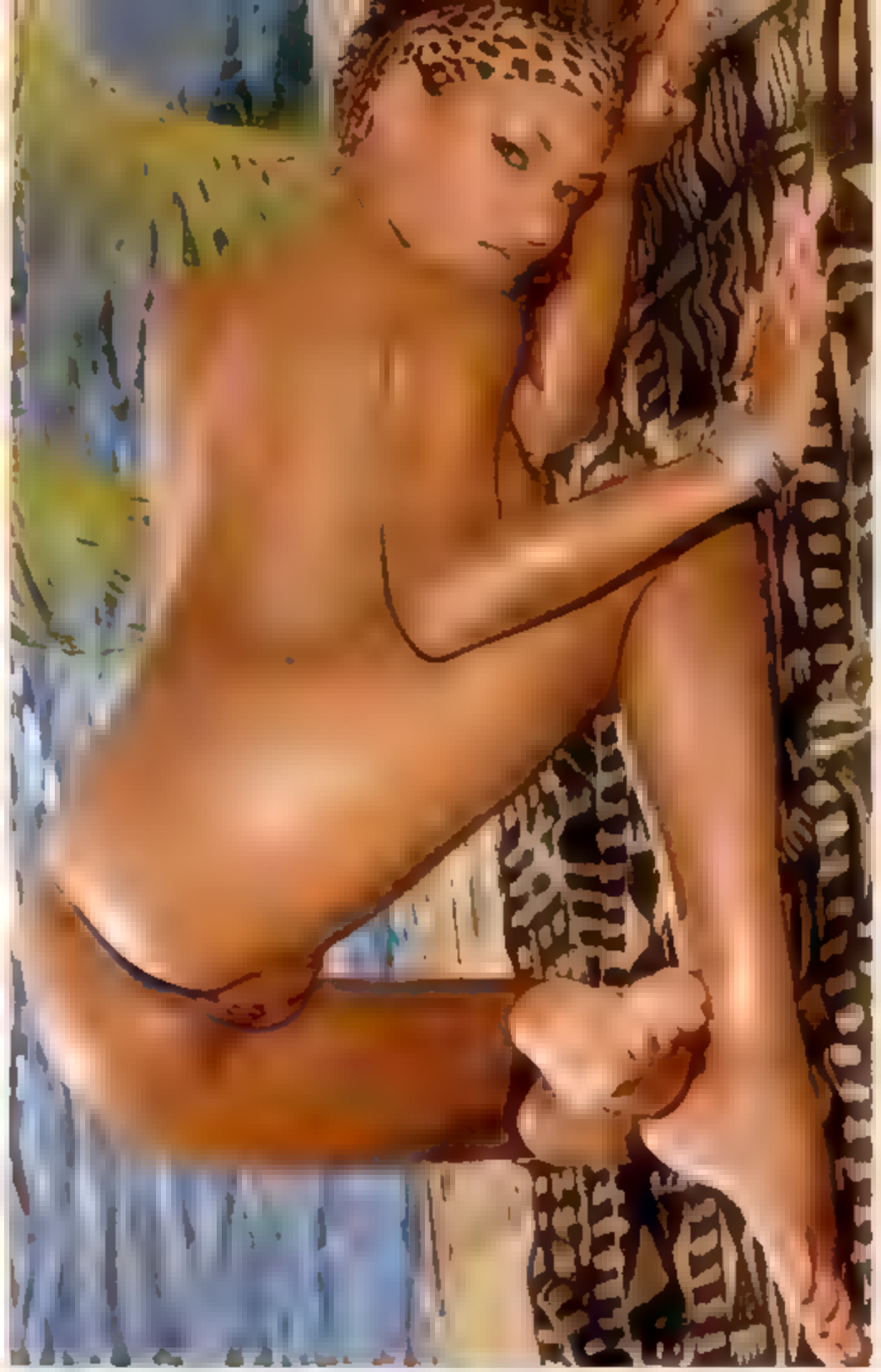
"Miss Nordling will be a little late for work. She's tucking her pussy back in."

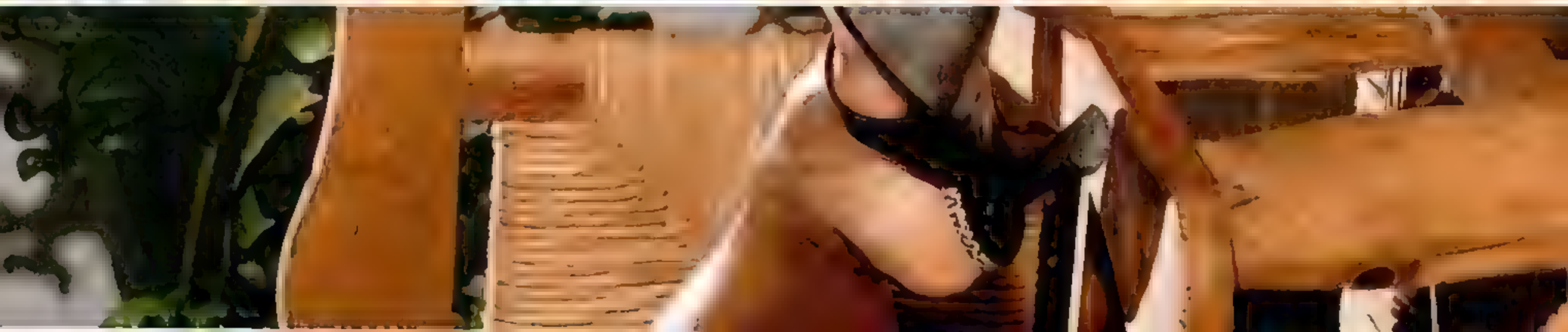
ELANA

LIP READING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

"I like to pretend that my pussy is commanding me," Elana says with a devilish grin as she sunbathes poolside. The imaginative tart closes her eyes while graceful fingers translate the dispatches of her sweaty twat. *"Spread those sticky lips,"* the actress interprets. *"I know what that means,"* the cocoa-skinned beauty conveys. *"It's saying I've been a naughty little hole, and I need to be poked."* Elana's digits probe deeper, discerning a muffled, squishy plea. *"Shut up and fuck me!"*



BARELY LEGAL

I'M WITH THE SHAM BAND

IMITATION ROCK STARS SCORE REAL GROUPIE ACTION

BACKSTAGE WITH **KIM COOPER** AND **LISA SUTTON**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **LADI VON JANSKY**

Although musical combos that slavishly duplicate the looks and sounds of their favorite acts exist at the very bottom of the show-business shit heap, they often enjoy the same sexual perks as their idols.

On a Friday night, Miss Tammy Sunshine (certain names have been changed) is going ape as her favorite rock 'n' roll heroes grind out note-perfect sets composed of nothing but their greatest hits. She gasps as David Lee Roth launches himself airborne with a shriek of expanding spandex. Sunshine feels an unmistakable moistening in her tights as Robert Plant leans slightly back to shake his honey-colored mane and flex his pecs. And when Mick and Keith share a mic and make kissy-face during "Shattered," she screws up the courage to rush the stage. The ardent fan meets little resistance; the stage is only two-feet high, and the club's sole security guard is outside patrolling the parking lot. Tammy hits the boards and hugs, kisses and fondles a laughing Mick before bouncing back to the floor. By night's end, she'll be sharing a joint with her new friend. Tomorrow morning, she'll know how it feels to have a bonafide rock star cock deep inside her.

Actually she won't, because it's all an illusion one willingly embraced by Tammy and thousands of other fans of tribute bands such as Atomic Punks (early Van Halen), Led Zepagain and Stones clones Sticky Fingers. Closer inspection reveals that "David Lee Roth" is a good three inches shorter than the original. "Mick"'s English accent has a bit of Van Nuys, California, around the edges, and "Robert Plant" is 20 years too young. But for those who want to believe, this is the closest they will come to experiencing rock 'n' roll heaven.

Tribute bands are all about fantasy, representing an opportunity for fans to explore desires that could never be realized in real life. "I am a hard-core Neil Diamond fan," says Melinda, a divorcée in her late 40s. "I love him. One night a few months ago, I did something totally out of character for me. I had a very memorable experience with a member of Brother Love, a Neil Diamond tribute band."

Melinda met the Solitary Man's double after a show, cornered him and demanded that he throw a fuck into her in the parking lot. "I can't explain why, but I became very aggressive with him," says the Diamond fanatic. "I don't know what came over me, but I was definitely out of control. I was so caught up in the moment that I was unable to stop myself. I don't know if it was the music, the likeness to Neil, or if it was just rock 'n' roll. I do know that I have always had a weakness for musicians."

Cynthia Plaster Caster, the celebrated '60s groupie queen who earned her crown making molds of rock-star cocks in various stages of tumescence, worries about delusional thinking in the quasi-star

I'm With the Sham Band

groupie scene. "The tribute bands that do it for a laugh are the cool ones, although I admit I'm more fascinated by the bands who take themselves too seriously," says Cynthia. "Hopefully, their groupies get the joke and don't consider themselves star fuckers. I think a tribute-band groupie who's convinced herself that the conquest of fucking a tribute Mick Jagger is of the same magnitude as fucking the real thing is as fucked-up as a wannabe Mick who lives in a fantasy Jagger world, thinking he's more Mick than the real Mick."

Russ Forster, director of *Tributary*, a documentary about the musical-homage phenomenon, isn't surprised that tribute bands receive their share of groupie action. "To me, it's not that different from girls in the '60s wanting to sleep with the Shadows of Knight [of "Gloria" semifame] because it's the next best thing to the Stones. You can't always get what you want; so you settle for second best."

While many chicks merely "settle" for the cover-band versions of their desired rock stars because they can't land the genuine goods, some groupie girls actually prefer the imitations. "I've met David Cassidy, and he's a conceited prick. Plus, he's creepy-looking now with all of that plastic surgery," says Giddle, a 25-year-old, platinum-blonde who has bedded the "Keith Partridge" of a Partridge Family tribute band. "I get the best of both worlds by fucking an impostor. I wasn't even born when David Cassidy was first on TV; so I never had a chance to ball him in his '70s glory days. When I was with the new Keith—with his feathered hairdo and his pooka shells—it was like time-traveling. I felt as if I were in some groovy, X-rated version of a *Partridge Family* episode."

Still others don't really care if they screw an original rock star, an impersonator or just any guy with a mic, a set of drums or a guitar. Francine Dancer, a blond and sometimes-homeless public-access-television star, claims to have slept with two different Keith Richards wannabes of the Gardena, California, Stones cover band the Rolling Clones, who have been replicating the Glimmer Twins' hits since 1979. "I liked them for who they were," says Francine. "It was kind of a turn-on just that they were in a band. I also like tall, long-haired lead singers; I like their stage presence—the way they shake their hair."

"We opened our dressing-room door to find it was filled with half-naked girls, whiskey and crank."

When a wannabe groupie arrives at a tribute show, she'll find that connecting with the musicians is deliciously easy. At a real Journey concert, she'd be lucky to have seats in the 20th row but, at an Escape show, the $5 cover charge will allow her access to the front of the stage. Unlike the real deal, tribute stars hang around after the show to pose for pictures and chat with fans, maybe even offer up a grope if the mood is right. When a horny gal spies a celebrity imitator she wants to know better, she can walk right backstage and introduce herself, or follow him out to the van and offer to help load gear. Tribute acts are even more accessible than ordinary club bands, because soliciting the fans' feedback is so essential to the groups' success. They want to know how close they sounded to the original band and if their wigs looked right.

Thousands of original groups play gigs every night of the week, often to near-empty houses, but put up a marquee announcing bands mimicking songs by Iron Maiden, Ozzy Osbourne and Judas Priest, and the venue fills up with enthusiastic fans who'll come early and rock 'n' roll all night. Grateful club owners sometimes express their appreciation by paying the bands with remunerations other than cash.

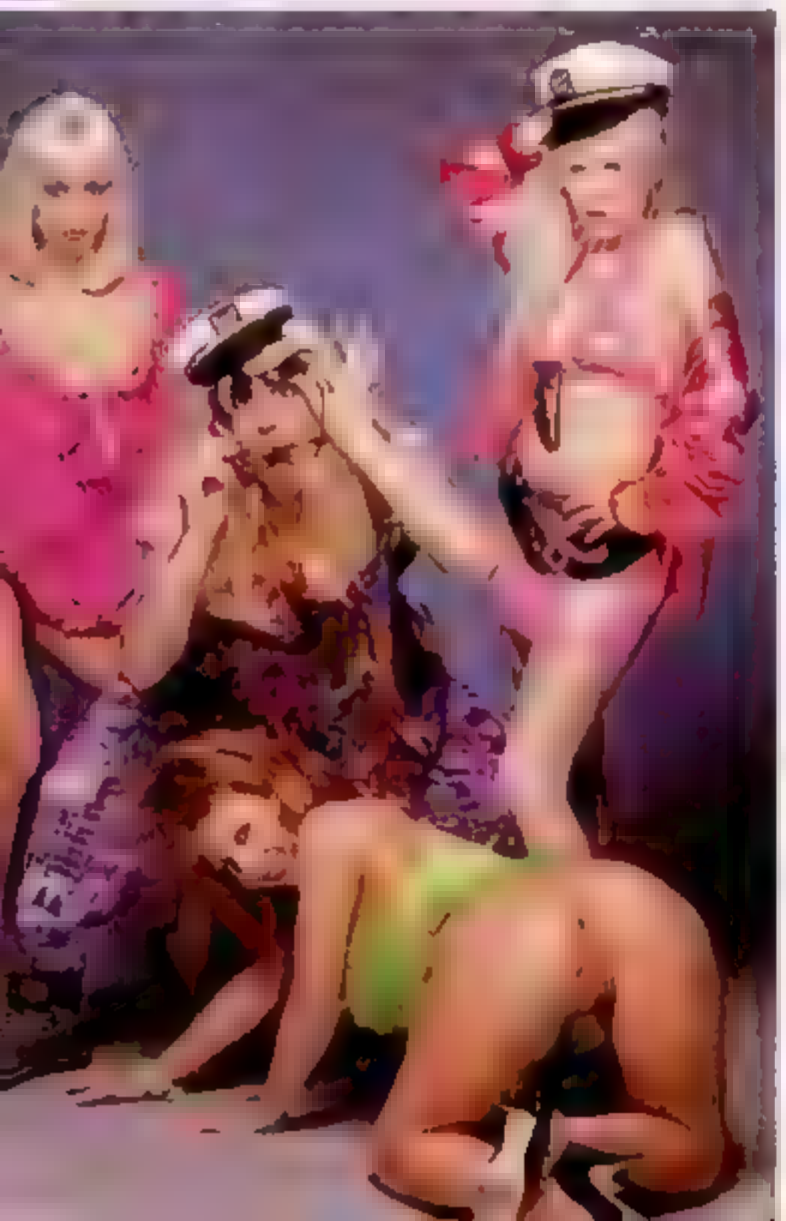
"We played a club in Texas one winter," says Steven Tyler doppelganger Neill Byrnes of the Massachusetts-based Draw the Line (who are, according to their Web site, "the only official Aerosmith tribute band"). "The owner said if he liked the band, he would hook us up. We had no idea what that meant until the show was over. There were so many hot girls down front that night but, as the last few songs were played, we noticed that they had all left. We walked off the stage a little disappointed, thinking, *Woa! Did we suck?* We opened our dressing-room door to find it was filled with half-naked girls, whiskey and crank. We immediately joined the party as the girls were telling us their fantasies of fucking Aerosmith. We moved the party to our hotel room."

Neill's delight in this orgiastic night led him to pen the following verse, demonstrating a talent for rock 'n' roll doggerel reminiscent of the real Steven Tyler: *There were two in the shower/ Three were on the floor/ Four were on the bed and lookin' to score/ So I jumped in the bed, no clothes to be found/ Just girls everywhere humping around/ The band was happy, we were more than paid/ God bless Aerosmith or we'd never get laid!*

Single guys on the prowl flock to tribute shows looking to score with in-heat classic-rock lovers. Not every girl going wild over a Steven Tyler impersonator or an Ozzy Osbourne lookalike is going to end her night canoodling with a performer, she is often quite willing to make conversation, and more, with a fellow fan. This meat-market atmosphere doesn't hurt the bands, whose guarantees grow as more people turn out to see them play. Tribute bands might not be the most creative artists around, but they do know how to show their audience a great time.

"A guy once came up to me after a show and thanked me for getting him some action," says Paul Samarin, bassist in Pink Floyd tribute Which One's Pink? "This girl was really wasted, and was trying to connect with me all night. Finally, she just crashed out in front of the stage. Her friends abandoned her, so this dude gave her a ride home, and she gave him a blowjob in the car. He couldn't wait until the next gig to tell me about it.

Which One's Pink? and other copycat groups, such as David Lee Roth-era Halen duplicators the Atomic Punks, often play at Los Angeles strip club Pleasures. The sight of pole dancers writhing alongside the musicians lends an air of cheerful sleaze to the shows. "You haven't lived until you've seen 'Comfortably Numb' with a stripper performing a pole dance behind the band, not to mention their simulated blowjobs on our 'Roger Waters' during 'Young Lust,'" says Dan Johnson, lawyer by day, sound-effects man and manager for Which One's Pink? by night. While the audience saw a mere simulation, bass player Samarin claims that a couple of Pleasures gals provided



HOW TO TELL IF YOU'RE FUCKING A FAKE ROCK STAR

Most groupie chicks are too fucked-up on booze, drugs and hair-spray fumes to know if they're screwing rock 'n' roll royalty or an out-of-work Elvis impersonator. Here are a few clues that the musician you're sleeping with is a cheap imitation:

*He has **only a few** sexually transmitted diseases*

*His "tour bus" is his **father's station wagon.***

*He's always **freeloading off of you** and he **doesn't have millions** of dollars*

*You're fucking a "Beatle" who **isn't dead or in his 60s.***

*He has a really groovy bedroom—in **his mom's basement.***

*You swallow "Keith Richards" 's cum and **don't receive a secondhand drug high.***

*After giving "Jimi Hendrix" a blowjob, your lips are **covered with shoe polish.***

*Judas Priest's "Rob Halford" is mounting you **even though you're female.***

*During coitus, **his wig falls off,** and he isn't Robert Smith of the Cure*

*You blow a bouncer to get backstage, only to find that **he's also the bass player.***

*He is sticking his **sequined-gloved fingers up your asshole,** and you're not even an eight-year-old boy.*

*His dick **doesn't taste like** Pamela Anderson's vagina.*

I'm With the Sham Band

him with the real thing after a show.

Rick Snider, who is both the Robert Plant of Led Zepagain and the Steve Perry of Journey cover band Infinity, doesn't mind rock-star role-playing in order to please his female fans and himself. "I've been asked several times to stay in character for the duration of a sexual encounter," says Snider. "Let it suffice to say that some of the hard-core Steve Perry fans will literally do just about anything to have 'Steve' sing to them in a private, one-on-one environment."

But some tribute rockers are offended when girls only want them for who they pretend to be. Self-proclaimed groupie Ginger made the mistake of letting on to a pseudo-Simon LeBon that she was only using him as a rock-star substitute. "I was thrilled to find a Duran Duran tribute band to give me a little fix between the real gigs," says Ginger, a curvy redhead in her early 40s. "I've seen Duran Duran 15 times in concert, but I've never tried to get backstage. My love for Simon LeBon is so great that it would be ruined if I were to try something and fail. In my fantasy, Simon is a snotty, yet passionate, decadent Englishman. I fantasize how he would bring that into the bedroom. When I met the Simon in the Duran Duran tribute band, I tried to mold him into my fantasy. He ultimately didn't like the fact that I liked him for who he was portraying and not necessarily for himself. When we talked about this, I said to him, 'You know, you could have had everything.'"

"I've been asked several times to stay in character for the duration of a sexual encounter."

Perhaps the faux LeBon was just being prudent. The reality-tweaking nature of tribute bands can lead to complicated attachments and misunderstandings, as fans sometimes seek to become involved with faithfully married musicians.

"We get all kinds of nasty stuff going on out at our shows," says Ralph Saenz, also known as David Lee Ralph of the Atomic Punks. "We're all married now, but the audiences couldn't care less. When we play 'Hot for Teacher,' the crowd goes wild, girls jump up on stage and rip their clothes off."

Ralph enjoys the flashing and the unabashed insanity, though he keeps his cock in his pants, unless he's with his wife, a former groupie. "I met this young girl at a club we were playing at. She was so fucking fine my jaw just fell to the ground. I had come to the gig with a date, but I sent her home and hooked up with this beautiful girl. She was nicely buzzed and ready to roll. She said, 'Take me home. I want to show you my room.' She took me upstairs, laid me down and changed into some sexy leather lingerie. She got on top of me and leaned down to kiss me, then handcuffed me to her bed. We had the best love session I have ever experienced. One year later, we were married."

A girl who has transformed her groupie status into that of being a tribute-band wife or girlfriend often forgets her humble roots and doesn't appreciate other sluts going after her main squeeze. "The Beatle bands really attract the nutty ones," says Lori Strother, former girlfriend of Backbeat's George Harrison (real name: Dan Lopez). "Everyone knew we were a couple, but these girls just couldn't let it be. They took to harassing me just because they felt some sort of connection to Dan, as leader of the group. They sent me obscene cartoons of us in bed together. One of them created drama by mailing letters to herself, as if they were from another guy in the band, and showed them to everyone. Another girl who was totally obsessed with the Beatles would sit in her car in front of Dan's house for hours while I was there. Dan knew her from before, and they had something going, but it was over. He actually had to get a restraining order against her. The rumor about her was that she tried to make it with as many Beatle-tribute guys as she could. Finally, one night, she pounded on the door and tried to force her way in to confront him or kill me. It was very scary. It was too damn weird. It's not like he's really George Harrison or anything."

Even an homage to the Monkees (a group that was itself considered a cheap Beatles imitation) has *(continued on page 158)*

HANNAH

PINK IN MIND

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HUSTLER Humor

Two men were brought before a judge on drug charges. The judge said, "If, over the weekend, you persuade enough people to give up drugs, I'll let you off."

On Monday they returned to the court. The first man announced, "I convinced ten people to give up drugs forever!"

"Well done," commended the judge. "And how did you manage that?"

"I drew two circles—one big and one small. I told them that the big circle was their brain before drugs, and the small one represented their brain after drugs."

"So what?" scoffed the second man. "I made 100 people stop using."

"A hundred?" exclaimed the judge. "How?"

"I drew two circles," he explained, "and said, 'This little circle is your asshole before prison.'"

Question: How do you brainwash a Taliban soldier?

Answer: With an enema.

Three buddies were sitting at a bar talking about sex and their girlfriends. The first man boasted, "My old lady likes it on all fours, doggy-style!"

"Well, my girl likes to go down on me while I go down on her, 69-style," the second man added.

The third man said, "You two are lucky. My girlfriend's favorite position is the masonry position."

The other two guys looked at him and asked, "Don't you mean the missionary position?"

The third man replied, "No, the masonry position. She just lies there like a fucking brick!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Japanese clit* as bud in the Nip.

Two travelers were stranded in the desert and hadn't eaten in days. As they crawled through the sand in the blazing sun, one found a dead, rotting vulture, covered in maggots. "Finally, food!" the first man cried.

"You're actually gonna eat that? It doesn't look too good," the second said.

"I don't care!" croaked the first man. "It's a bird, ain't it? And I need food!"

With that, he gobbled down the maggot-infested carcass while his friend watched. Half an hour later, the man grabbed his stomach, groaned and vomited noisily onto the sand. The second man looked at the puddle and said, "Finally, a hot meal!"

A white Southern lawyer and a black doctor, each in a Mercedes, collided on a winding road one night in Mississippi. Neither was hurt, but both were badly rattled by the experience. Producing a gold flask, the lawyer kindly offered the doctor a calming drink.

After a swig, the physician handed back the flask and said, "Thanks, aren't you having one?"

"Sure," the white attorney answered. "Right after the cops fill out a report."

Question: Why do women stop bleeding after menopause?

Answer: It all pools into their varicose veins.

A guy bought his wife a beautiful diamond ring for her birthday. After hearing about this extravagant gift, a friend of his said, "I thought she wanted one of those sporty, four-wheel-drive vehicles."

"She did," he replied. "But where am I going to find a fake Jeep?"

One day, an elderly bachelor decided that, since he had never fathered any children, he would make a deposit at the local sperm bank. At the clinic, a young doctor gave him a jar and told him to go into the bathroom and fill the container. After what seemed like an eternity, the young M.D. began to worry about the old man; so he knocked on the restroom door and asked if everything was all right. When no answer came, the physician opened the door and found the elderly man crumpled against the wall, breathing hard and sweating.

"Are you okay?" the concerned doctor asked.

The elderly man replied, "Son, it is not as easy as it used to be. I have slapped it, spit on it and beat it against the wall. I even ran hot and cold water on it, but I still can't get the lid off this jar to save my life."

[illegible] by [illegible] readers. If you've heard a [illegible] your way? Submit [illegible] okes to HUSTLER [illegible] Hills, CA 902[illegible] [illegible] If your joke [illegible] we'll send you [illegible] submiss[illegible]

PAT ROBERTSON'S EVIL SIDE FINALLY WINS.

NEW JERSEY SEX DEVILS

UP AND DOWN THE TURNPIKE WITH **SELWYN HARRIS**
ILLUSTRATION BY **DAVE COOPER**

Deep inside the Garden State, old-school swingers' networks and high-tech innovations cause a sexual underground to bloom.

New Jersey Sex Devils

On a balmy autumn evening, in the second row of the New Berlin, a New Jersey adult-movie theater, I sit and watch a woman with long, dark hair suck two cocks while she jacks off a third. The blow- and handjob artist is approximately 30 years old and well built, with a taut midsection, high-mounted, little titties and visible muscles that flex beneath her skin as she attends to her admirers. The toned exhibitionist is stark naked, with her legs spread, propped up by a gentleman who is fingering her clitoris while another fellow lies flat on his belly, tongue-bathing her labia. Meanwhile, the prong-owners who are enjoying simultaneous fellatio work her nipples with near-religious fervor.

This pile of human abandon isn't transpiring on the silver, cum-soaked screen; the in-the-flesh floor show is playing out in three dimensions in *front* of the crappy videotape projection.

Shortly after the action commences, other members of the New Berlin audience move in for a closer gander. Men who continue to patronize X-rated movie halls in this third decade of home-video technology are a rare and special breed. For them to happen upon live carnal interaction involving a female is akin to winning some sort of pervert lottery.

Alas, there are limits. One of the anonymous comers moves in with his schlong out, attempting to implement a triple blowjob. No dice.

"Watch with your eyes," the heaving lovely pleads. "Okay, honey?"

Her male companions shoot looks that plainly convey that the wannabe gang-banger should back off. He settles into his seat to finish what the busting beauty refused to start.

I sit and watch a woman with long, dark hair suck two cocks while she jacks off a third.

"You have to be invited and approved," some in-the-know voyeur whispers to the unsuccessful oral contender.

The rebuffed horndog pulls his pole as the squirming sexpot accepts a thick wand up her birth canal. The other anointed cocksmen eventually receive their turns at her twat, while the bugged-out eyewitnesses respectfully keep their hands to themselves (over and over, for a very long time). Everybody plays by an unwritten rule: "If you can't join 'em, beat yourself."

Fortunately, my friends Rick and Tommy (not their real names) have been allowed to enter the inner circle of this loose-knit, tight-lipped Garden State swingers' network, which labels itself the New Berliners. Rick introduces me to Kristof (which is not even close to his real name), the mysterious kingpin of the New Berlin scene. Kristof is mustachioed, stoic and not tall, but imposingly muscular. He's also given to wearing mirrored sunglasses indoors.

Rick tells Kristof that he wants to "sponsor" me for inclusion in upcoming events.

"You know the procedures," Kristof says with a cold nod.

Rick gently ventures, "Selwyn writes for HUSTLER."

"We don't need any Goddamn publicity," Kristof twitches. "Thank you. Not interested—officer." Kristof's tone makes it clear that he thinks I'm a cop.

"I swear he's cool," Rick intervenes. "I'll stake my own membership on it."

In an overtly theatrical move, Kristof turns to leave, then huffs, "You tell him the fuckin' procedures then."

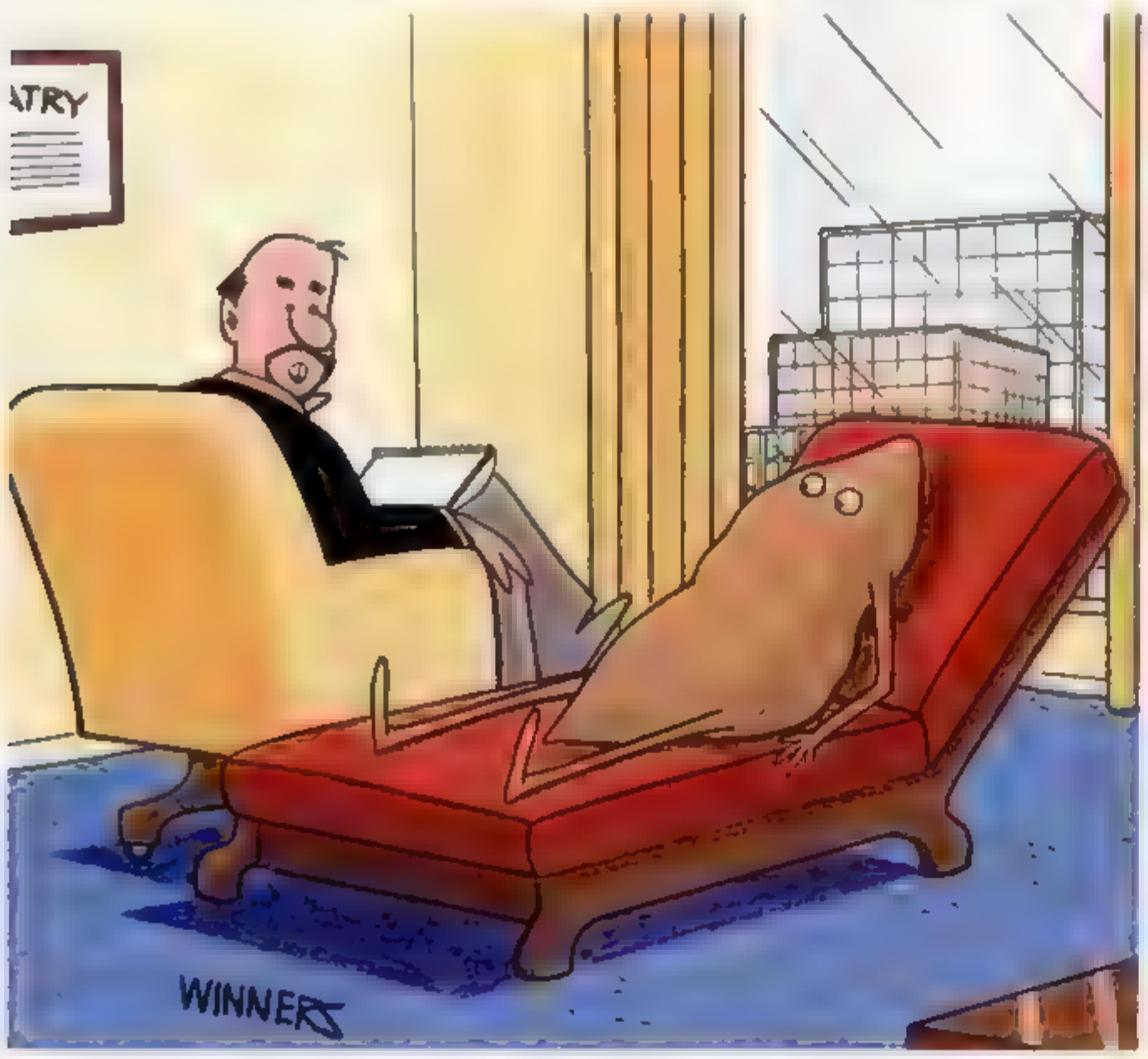
Over the next several days, I copy and fax various forms of identification and clippings of my published work to Rick who, in turn, sends the material to Kristof for "validation." I even drop more than $100 to acquire a fresh STD test. I am required to sign a statement swearing that I am not a law-enforcement agent, I will protect the identities of everyone involved, and I will allow Kristof to verify my legitimacy through "whatever means [Kristof] and the New Berliners organization see fit."

Rick warns me flat out that "verification" will entail an elaborate strip search.

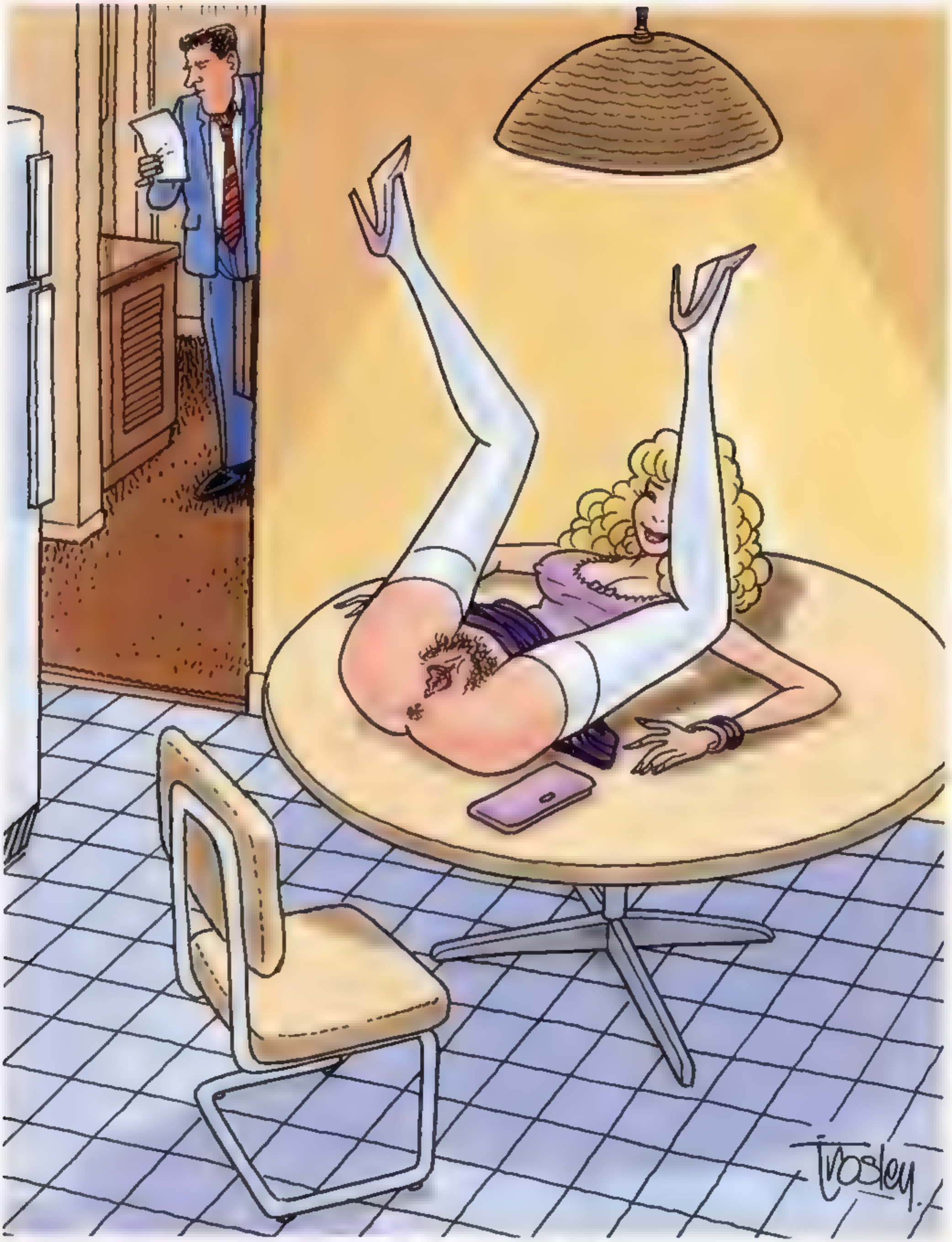
• • •

Two weeks and numerous communications after my first encounter with Kristof, I am seated in a car alongside Rick and Tommy. We are heading to one of several checkpoints that will clear us for admittance to a "Thanksgiving Stuffing," the first in a series of specialty-themed hump-a-thons hosted this holiday season by the New Berliners. The fuckfest is taking place tonight, the Saturday of the extended Thanksgiving weekend.

This will be Rick's third participation in a New Berliner bacchanal, though Tommy is the one who first stumbled



"You're nothing but a worthless piece of shit, and that's probably all you'll ever be."



Sorry, hon. Had to go to mother's. Picked up dinner for you. It's on the table. Love, best damn wife in the whole fucking world."

New Jersey Sex Devils

across the New Berliners network. Tommy discovered the group when he saw the name of his favorite dirty-movie theater pop up in an Internet newsgroup that focused on Garden State sexual irregularities.

"Somebody wrote, 'Who knows about the New Berlin theater?'" Tommy recalls. "I posted a response message saying that I'd been to the New Berlin about a million times. Soon enough, somebody e-mails me and tells me to go there the next Saturday; there's going to be live fucking. So I go and, basically, I saw what you saw. I kept in touch with the guy who e-mailed me, and he invited me to join the New Berliners' online club."

"Doesn't anybody worry about getting busted?" I ask.

Tommy turns to Rick, who's driving, and says, "Tell him the latest word on Kristof."

"This week's rumor has it that Kris is an ex-cop," Rick explains. "That's why he's so secretive about his private life, and why he puts people through the mill before they can join in."

We approach a 7-Eleven parking lot next to the train station in a town called Holmdel. A green SUV with a "Wild West City" bumper sticker is parked where we were told it would be. Rick pulls up alongside the vehicle and hands our invitations to the guy inside. The man looks us over, checks our names against the photocopies of our driver's licenses that he has in his possession and signs off on our paperwork.

"The next checkpoint is behind the Stewart's Root Beer stand in Hazlet," says the SUV sentry. "See you guys later."

"I like to watch my wife get fucked," Kristof tells me as he peers up inside my asshole. "And I like when other people watch her get fucked too."

After driving a solid 40 minutes from checkpoint to checkpoint, Rick, Tommy and I receive our next round of okays from a male-female couple stationed at the Hazlet Stewart's. The woman indicates into a walkie-talkie that she is sending us through to the final destination. Her partner shows us a piece of paper with the shindig's address on it.

"Remember, the new guy has to get checked out," the man reminds my companions.

We proceed up the road to the Belvedere Inn, an astoundingly rickety hotel in the funky resort hamlet of Keansburg. Upon our arrival, a hulking mook in the lobby gives Rick and Tommy a room number. To me, he says, "Go see Kristof; he's in the room at the top of the stairs."

* * *

"I like to watch my wife get fucked," Kristof tells me as I am naked and bent over. He peers up inside my asshole. "And I like when other people watch her get fucked too."

Kristof severely plays up his hammy 'mystique." He hits my scrotum with a rubber-gloved hand and growls in a Clint Eastwood-type wheeze, "I just don't want anyone or anything messing with the good shit I've got going; so I'm checking you for recording or broadcast devices and to get you to do things that would violate a cop's boundaries for acceptable arrest circumstances. I also don't want to see any track marks. No drugs allowed."

A young, pretty Asian lady is in the room with us. Lest any possible smidgen of overkill be neglected, she wears a kimono. Kristof motions for her to come over. "Lie down on the mat," he tells me.

I attempt to sprawl out on the obvious massage area without too many of my fat rolls inflating in the process. The yellow-hued beauty takes a bottle of rubbing alcohol from her bag and proceeds to vigorously wash my dick with the solution.

"That's to make sure there are no open sores we can't see," Kristof explains. "And cops ain't allowed to get handjobs. Sue-Kim's going to finish you off before you're allowed into the main celebration."

The ersatz geisha girl really yanks, giving it the old dojo try, but she succeeds only in jerking a confession out of me. "Look, it ain't gonna happen," I blurt. "I'm on the antidepressant Zoloft, and it's just about physically impossible for me to reach orgasm. No offense to you, Sue-Kim."

Kristof cracks open a venetian blind and looks away. "Jesus Christ," he chuckles. "I'm on Wellbutrin. My wife is on Paxil."

"And I'm sure Sue-Kim is on some kind of ancient Chinese herb shit," I joke. She smiles and bows.

"Take a shower," orders Kristof. "You're good to go."

* * *

Once inside, I join Tommy, Rick and five other strapping samples of manliness, all nude. More importantly, there

YO, BUTTFACE,
I'M GONNA BE HOME LATE—
DOING A 3-WAY WITH AL
SHARPTON AND LOUIS FARRAKHAN FOR
THE HUSTLER CENTERFOLD.
YOUR DINNER'S IN
THE FRIDGE.

Terry

Rush's loss of hearing has allowed The Light of Truth and Creativity to bathe Neil Peart's drumsticks with its radiance

New Jersey Sex Devils

are three women in our midst who are naked too, sprawled out in a daisy chain on the king-size bed.

Present before us is the tight-bodied, brunet pixie I watched being fucked senseless at the New Berlin theater. Then there is an Amazonian black chick with a superhuman body (dirigible-implant boobs, washboard abs, a hard, round butt and long, long legs) that could have been lifted from a HUSTLER cartoon. Finally, a hefty redhead with freckles all over her enormous tits, a massive, ghost-white rump seemingly designed for ceaseless spanking and tattoos on multiple points in between, writhes and moans in sapphic hog heaven.

Rick tells me that these girls are regulars and that he has fucked each of them before. Tommy has too, but he is especially taken with the chocolate thunder goddess.

Amusingly, the hotel room has been decked out with Thanksgiving trappings: cardboard Pilgrims taped to the wall, orange and brown streamers strung along the ceiling, even a full dinner spread laid out buffet-style. I notice three Indian costumes in a heap on the crappy carpet. The clam-slurping broads must have had them on at some point.

"Who wants to fuck my wife?" Kristof yells, startling me out of my anxious rumination about what the ladies will think of my untethered blubber.

He throws Sue-Kim—who is now dressed in a full-on Pocahontas getup—into the center of the room. I suddenly realize that Sue-Kim is Kristof's Paxil-gulping bride. In a flash, the faux squaw virtually vanishes into a tsunami of

The redhead and I are making out when I realize that something is slurping my asshole. My gut reaction is, *Fuck, I hope there's a vagina connected to those lips.*

crazed man-gropes and hard-bucking he-spears. Rick's body parts are among them. Kristof sits on the buffet table and watches. Tommy seizes the moment to slip up under the naked Nubian.

I have a fairly obsessive "thing" for fleshy, monster-jugged redheads; so I am stunned at the opportunity that lies one thrust in front of me. Then Kristof grabs my arm.

"I want to talk to you, writer," he huffs, expelling some eye-poppingly potent martini fumes. "Look at my wife."

This is no easy task, since there are a half-dozen, gyrating male bodies attempting all at once, to lay into her. Still, I try.

"That's my third wife," Kristof reveals. "First one from the Philippines. I love her more than you could fucking understand."

"So, uh, how did you and Sue-Kim meet?" I ask.

"None of your Goddamn business!" Kristof roars, abandoning any pretense of cool and chugging openly from a bottle of Absolut. Nobody notices his outburst. "What matters is that I have dreamed of a woman who will make my dreams come true and fuck and suck cock for my pleasure. I have found that. And you guys, I consider you my family. This is a sacred thing."

"How did the 'family' get started?"

"America Online," Kristof slurs. "The day I got it, I noticed a bunch of chat rooms like, 'Do My Wife' and 'Husband Likes to Watch'; so I set one up—'Do My Wife N.J.' Sue-Kim and I started talking to some nice people online, and we didn't want to invite strangers into our house; so we picked the New Berlin movie theater. I fucked Sue-Kim in front of a bunch of strangers that night for the first time, and she fucked strangers in front of me that night for the first time. We haven't stopped since."

"The theater management is cool with this?" I naively inquire.

"The theater management," Kristof brays, "is here!"

I squint at the mass atop Sue-Kim and see a Pakistani-looking guy who I now recall from my visit to the movie house.

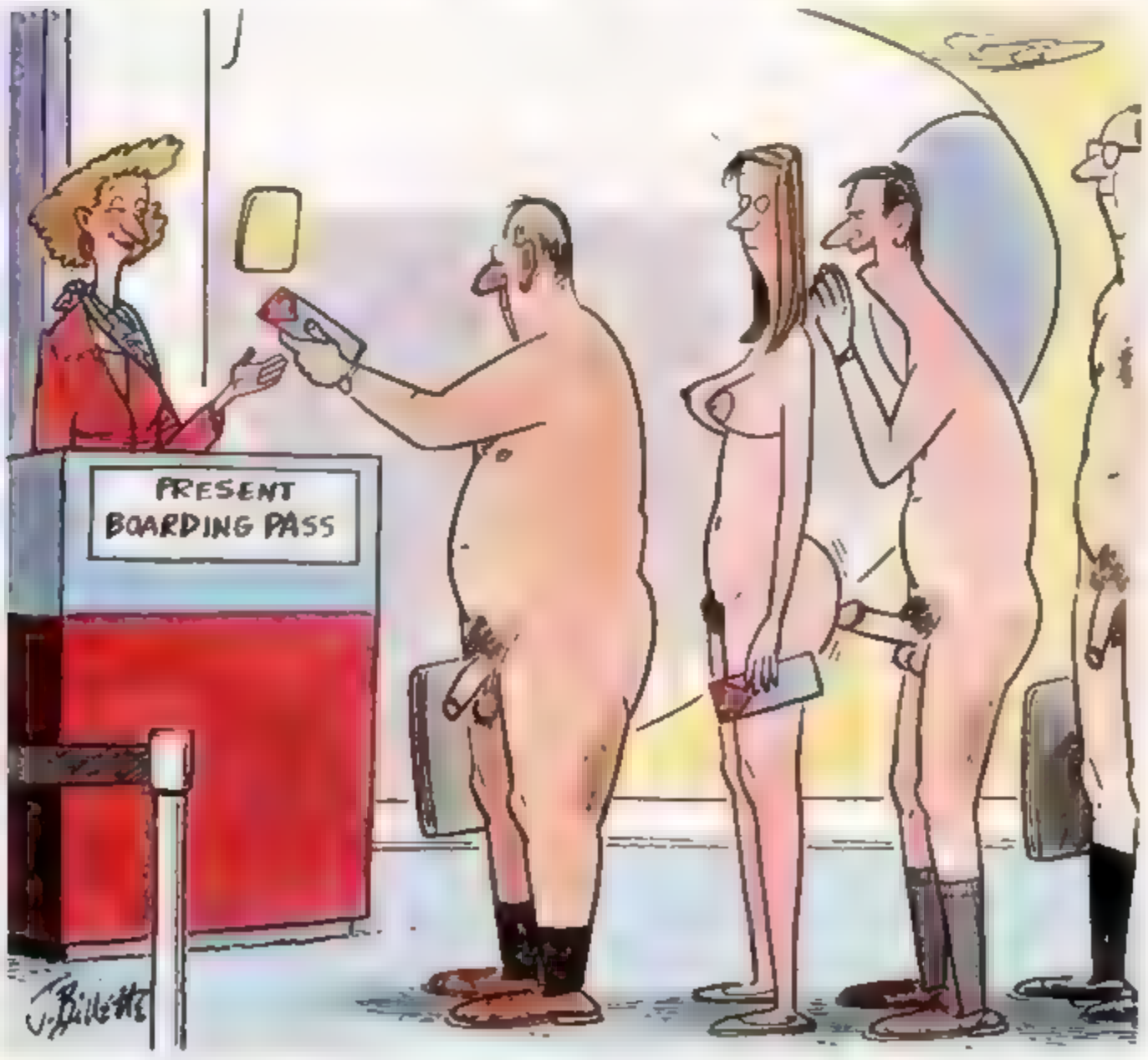
"Go now," Kristof finally tells me. "You got a nice, big cock. Go fuck my wife."

Maybe later, I think. *I have business to attend to.*

I dive onto the bed and sweep the redhead's mammoth, undulating F-cups into my arms. We don't speak. Our mouths are full with each other's tongues. This is unusual; at most swinger-type functions, entire crowds will suckle each other's assholes, but refuse to kiss.

Rarely am I so forward, but I'm gripped by the group's collective ballsiness. I embrace my outer lardass, and welcome others to do the same.

The redhead and I are making out hot and heavy when I'm struck by the realization that something is slurping my asshole. My gut reaction is, *Fuck, I hope there's a vagina connected to those lips.* There is, and it (continued on page 104)



"What's a few civil liberties for the sake of security, eh, sweet cheeks?"

JESSE & EKZAVIER

BEACH IN HEAT

Jesse saved up all year for her trip to the islands. **"I'm surrounded by rigid palm trees, and hairy coconuts are dangling everywhere. No wonder I'm itching for a fuck."** The elfin predator combs the beach for her perfect prey, and Ekzavier is more than willing to make the sacrifice. The oversexed tourist torments her quarry's cock with the promise of a tight anal fuck. **"Ride me like the waves, surfer boy,"** she says, laughing at how stupid she can sound with a prick in her ass. Ekzavier moans, but Jesse craves more. **"Spill your juice, pal. I love drinking on the beach."**

Jesse slurps more cocktails in ***BARELY LEGAL #19*** *video and DVD from* ***HUSTLER Video.*** *Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.shophustler.com to order.*

New Jersey Sex Devils

(continued from page 96) belongs to the gymnast. I am so caught up in being atop this mound of bald-slitted, strawberry-nippled, fire-maned sumptuousness, that I might not have cared in any case.

Big Red reaches over to a bowl of condoms next to the bed. I flip over, and she applies the rubber to my hard-on with her mouth. She climbs atop me; I almost blow a load just looking at the massive third tit that is her belly. I slap my hands against her ample stomach and shut my eyes. I can hear moaning all around me.

The redhead rocks to and fro on my johnson. I squeeze, twist, pitch and slap myself in the face with her gunnysack breasts. Orgasmically crippled as I am by the Zoloft, I eventually pull out and peel off the rubber without reaching completion. Reddy kisses me. Then she fucks Rick and Tommy.

Even though I fail to climax, the shame and self-loathing that normally overcomes me immediately following a pop-off floods my brain. Kristof resembles a sex-zapped voodoo zombie while he watches his wife play yellow pincushion. I find my bag and put on a T-shirt.

I sit in a chair and take one final stab at jacking off, trying to focus solely on the redhead's physique and not my pal who is crashing his reproductive organs into her.

The brunette wanders over to make a sandwich. "You're new, huh?" she says.

"I'm a friend of those guys over there."

"I was one of the first New Berliners," she says. "I do fetish work in Manhattan, even though I live in Massachusetts."

"Wow, that's a long trip," I say.

"I'm working on a doctorate."

I sit in a chair and jack off, trying to focus solely on the redhead's physique and not my pal who is crashing his reproductive organs into her.

"Cool," I nod, in a vain attempt to shut her up. She proceeds to run through her spiel on prostitution rights and flying around the world in defense of transsexuals, none of which is helping my masturbation project.

I stick a free finger into the blabbermouth's vagina. She stops yapping, but she doesn't stop eating. The mouth that was just recently devouring my rectum is now chewing turkey. I have much to be thankful for on this Thanksgiving weekend.

* * *

The redhead's name is Valkyrie69, but her fuck friends call her Val. At least that's her Internet screen name, and that's what she likes to be identified as in the context of the New Berliners.

Two weeks later, Val and I hook up again. We're back in another cut-rate roadside New Jersey lodge, naked, and not alone. Kristof and Sue-Kim are present. Tommy is there too. The night's event is supposedly a Christmas party, but the big cause for celebration is that Yoni201—the sprightly brunette—has brought with her two poppin'-fresh, female New Berliner candidates. One potential inductee is very housewifey, which is hot in its own way, and the other is not attractive. But she is there, getting fucked by eight dudes who don't care to differentiate between her wrinkly suburban flab and Pamela Anderson, as long as there is a cooze attached and they are allowed inside.

I've kept in constant touch with Val since our first meeting, when my penis slammed into her vagina and the fidgety tumbler chick suckled on all our lower body holes as we went at it. Val grew up in New Jersey and paid for what little college she attended by renting herself out as a dominatrix. Once the dough started flowing, she ditched school and upped the whips-and-chains sessions. She found out about the New Berliners from one of her clients.

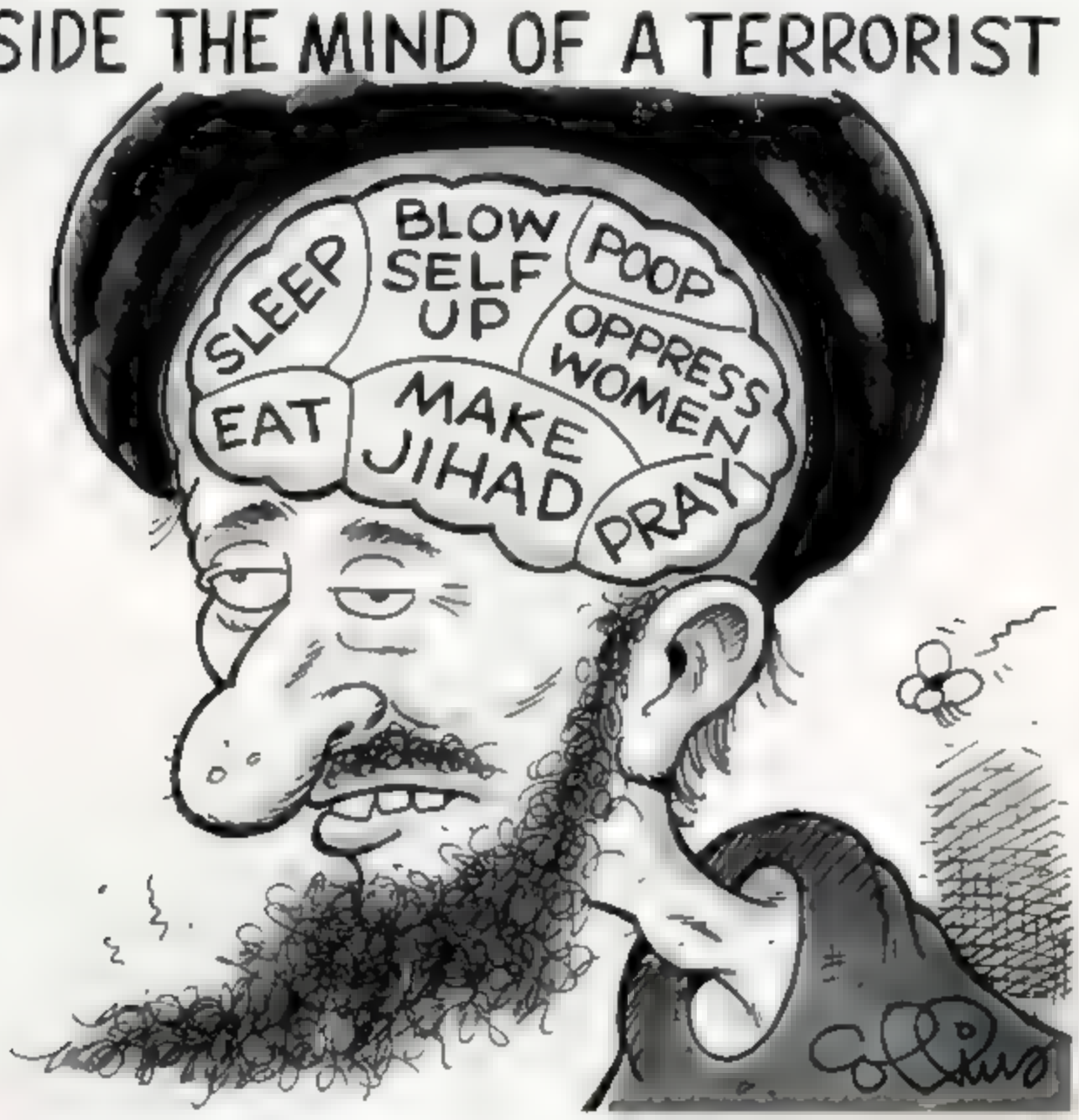
Ever since the "Thanksgiving Stuffing," I have been composing e-mails to Val that I think are charming and funny, hoping we might have more than just sperm-splashed mob scenes in our future. Val indicates that maybe she feels the same way, but my fey wit has nothing to do with her reciprocation. Amazingly (or perhaps dementedly), Val considers me a worthy sex object. "I love this belly," she coos as she worshipfully rubs my blobular midsection.

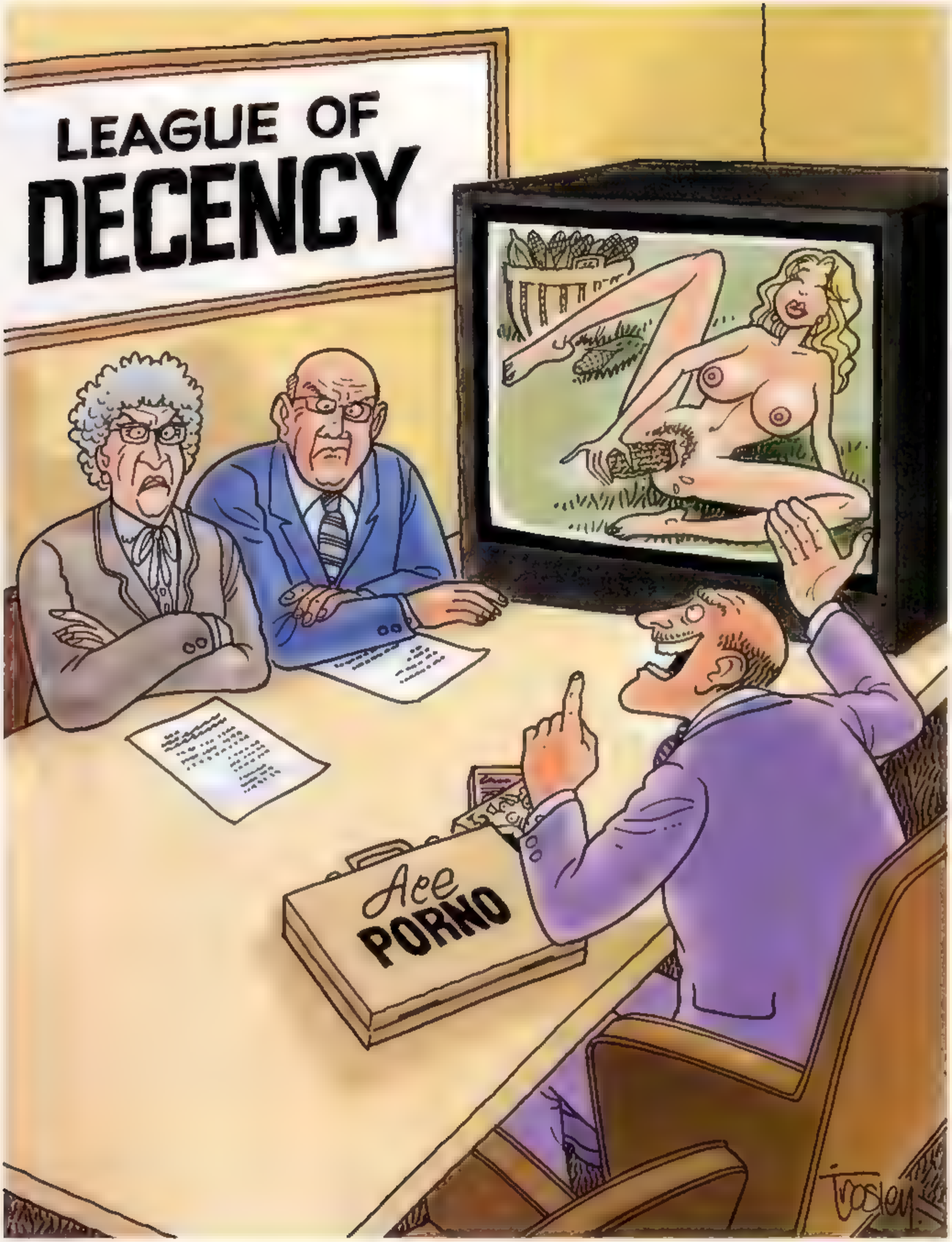
Val is on Celexa.

"We do what we have to to get by in this life," Kristof told me not so long ago.

And we do it again that night at the Yuletide-themed orgy, and two weeks after that, and two weeks from then, we'll be driving around like idiots from convenience stores to fast-food stands to shit-pit motels in pursuit of yet another seedy romp in the semipublic eye.

Maybe someday, we'll be able to do it without a dozen others doing it next to us in the same sleazy hotel room.





"What's the problem? Look at those real decent tits. And is that not a decent looking pussy and a very decent ear of corn?"

Us Longitud
And Win My Lamborghini Diablo!

Longitude- The Original Penis Enlargement Capsule- Don't get ripped-off by knock-offs with their fake Doctors and false claims

Actual Car In Photos

This Lamborghini has got me more women than I could handle. They just seem to flock to it. It is an incredible machine!

My Lamborghini Diablo is the "SV" model, which is even quicker than the "VT" model. The "SV" blasts from 0 to 60 in just 3.8 seconds and it's still in first gear! Top speed is 200mph!

I'm a car fanatic, so you be assured the car is in "mint" condition. It's a 1998 model with just 3000 miles on it Not a scratch, ding, or dent. You couldn't tell it from a brand-new one.

My friends say that I'm crazy to give this Diablo away, but I think it'll make a great promotion for Longitude- The penis enlargement capsule that I've created and many try to copy

Here's how the "Win My Lamborghini" promotion works.

This promotion is valid only to US Residents and you must be at least 18 to participate.

The car will be awarded to the man with the most drastic results using Longitude. Basically, whoever grows the most regardless of total size, wins my prized Lamborghini

Simply read my ad on the next 3 pages and order a risk-free bottle of Longitude. When the bottle arrives, fill out the entry form and take a few "Before" photos in an erect state

Keep taking Longitude until you are satisfied with your new growth, then stop. Take a few "After" photos, this time you'll be a lot larger

Then, simply drop the Before and After photos in the mail along with your entry form. All entries must be received no later than September, 30th, 2002

My group of judges will review the hundreds of thousands of entries and pick a winner. They'll review the photos for maximum growth percentages and they'll make sure the photos haven't been altered. So, no cheaters please

That's it. If you're the lucky winner, I'll remove my tags and personal belongings from the car, have it detailed, and shipped to your door at my cost

I'll also make sure to remove the g-string underwear I found last week underneath the passenger seat

There's no additional fee to enter this contest, except for the price of the product

It doesn't matter how long you take Longitude, Two, Three, Four months, or you can go until the September 30th deadline. It's up to you. Just make sure your entry form gets to me no later than September 30th. And the winner is the man with the largest growth from start to finish- not who is simply the largest

The winner will be notified 2 weeks after the deadline, and then the car will get shipped on it's way to your home

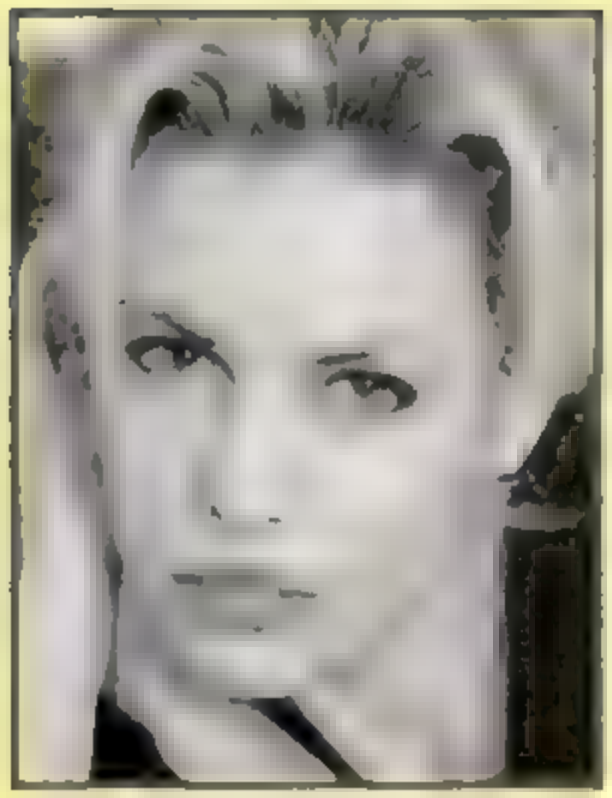
When the truck pulls up, he'll unload the car, hand you the title and keys then take a quick snapshot of you and the car. Then the car is yours forever!

Can you think of a better way to show women the "new you"? My Lamborghini will get you so many women, you won't believe it! That car has landed me models, strippers, even a famous actress- seriously

This Diablo game me hundreds of opportunities to show women the results Longitude gave me. Now the car can be yours.

The Ultimate Car. The Ultimate Product. Order Longitude risk-free on the next page and who knows... you may be the new owner of my Lamborghini! Good Luck!

67% of Women Say They're *UNHAPPY* With The Size Of Their Lover's Penis...



Muscles, Money, and Looks help, but women want a "bigger" man.

The Average Penis Size Is Just 6 Inches... But Who Wants To Be "Just Average"?

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates *Revolutionary* Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just a few short weeks! *(with absolutely no adverse side-effects)*

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called LONGitude and by simply taking 2 LONGitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try LONGitude have great success, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

<u>100% Natural & Safe LONGitude Will:</u>

<u>Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude</u>:

<u>Week 1-3</u>: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

<u>Week 4-8</u>: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

<u>Week 9+</u>: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

Now get this , the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

- ***Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!***
- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - <u>no matter how hard he tried</u>!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size LONGitude is made for men that are <u>NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE</u>!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

<u>Try LONGitude without risk... here's how</u>:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just $59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

<u>You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING</u>!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

<u>How Can We Be So Generous</u>?

Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where *we'll even refund your shipping cost*... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. **You decide**

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,

Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
creators of LONGitude
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try"
LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better *"equipped"* than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a $20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just $39.95, plus shipping - that's $20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?
LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%

How Does LONGitude Work?
LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are Their Any Negative Side-Effects?
Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more

How Do I Take LONGitude?
Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?
Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it

How Long Will It Take To Work?
LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?
Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?
LONGitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginine, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng

To *"try"* LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) *or...* Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some *DRAMATIC* before and after photos!!!

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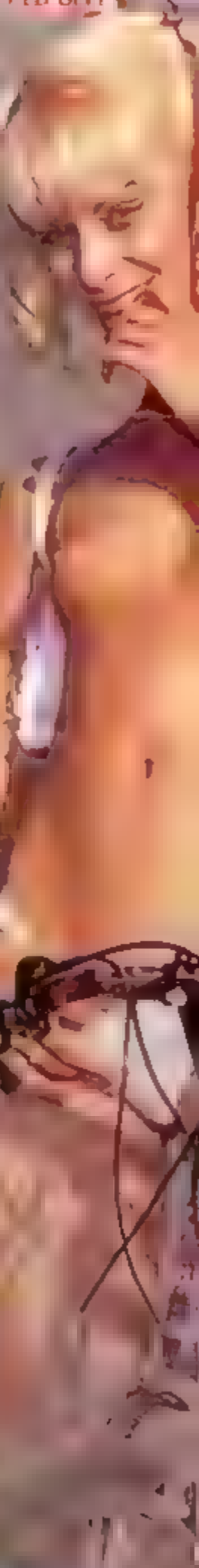

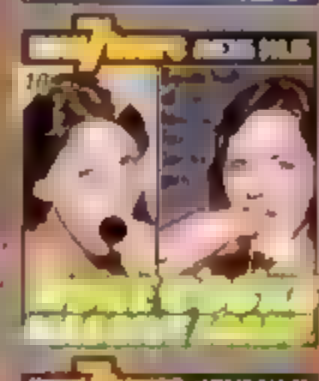

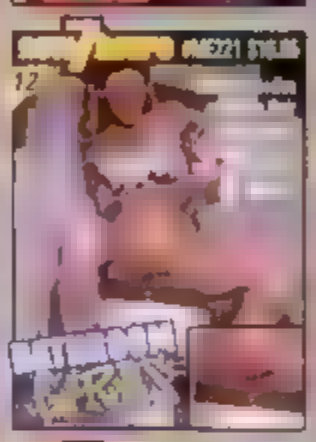

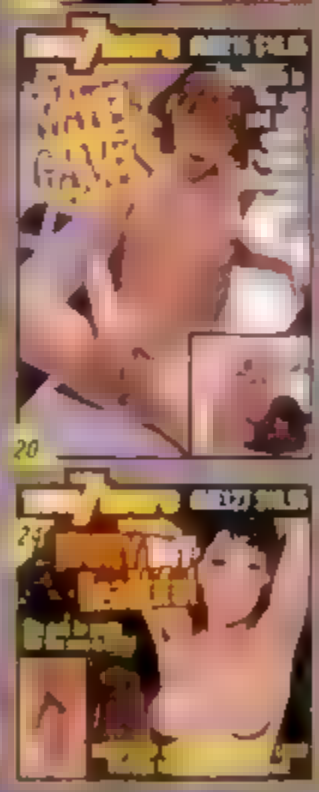

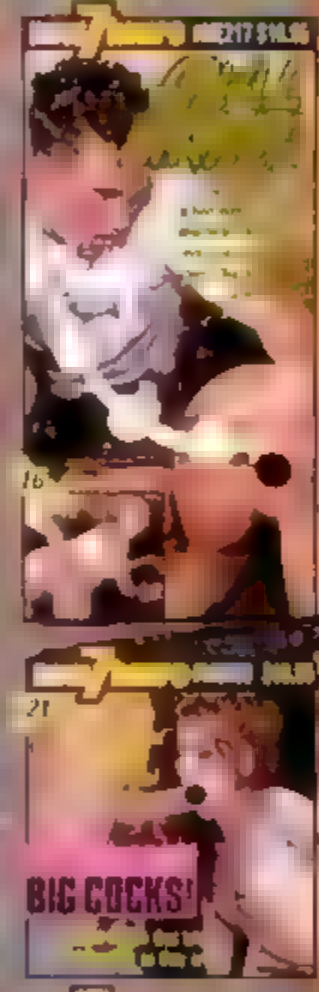

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Hot Letters

While Jean ground her twat into my chin, I groped in the water to either side and found Kate and Danica's eager mounds with my fingers.

(continued from page 50) fuck around; I've seldom seen any one of them with the same guy twice

As the twentyish trio's friend and next-door neighbor for a year, I'd groped Danica, a tall brunette, in the laundry room, and half-Vietnamese Kate came over once for drinks and a blowjob, but I didn't see myself as one of the nameless mooks who filed in and out every weekend

I never expected to come home and find all three girls by the pool in the communal hot tub at 3 a.m., nude, thrashed and horny

Blond Jean has the best body of the the trio, tall and trim. When she saw me headed toward my unit, she spread her legs wide in greeting

"Bob!" she hollered. "Come on in, the water's hot!"

Jean's gesture broke the other girls up, and offered me a glimpse of the meatiest shaved twat I'd ever seen

"Let me change into my swimsuit," I laughed, turning from the deck to go in

"No!" Danica and Kate yelled, splashing noisily to their feet and jumping out of the tub to greet me

The girls' skin was flushed and rosy from the near-scalding soak. As water misted and dripped from their exposed flesh, I noted that the brunette and the Eurasian lovelies had the same complexion, but that Kate's thick nipples were dark brown, as opposed to Danica's pale-pink pinpoints. The wonder of the human genome is without limit

A wet girl grabbed each arm, soaking my sleeve, and hauled me toward the hot tub. I had to fight to strip my pants off before the steaming, naked girls pulled me into the broth with them. Knowing that the other two would keep, I grabbed Jean's ass and brought her bald snatch to my face

Like everything else, the blonde's honeypot was hot and wet. I shoved my tongue deep inside her cleft and leaned my head back on the tub's padded edge. While Jean ground her twat into my chin, her boobs creating whorls of mist as they flapped in the cool air, I groped in the water to either side and found Kate and Danica's eager mounds with my fingers.

I let their yelps of encouragement guide me to their clits. In a show of symmetry, I probed both of their poons with two digits and tickled both buzzers with my thumbs.

While I lapped at Jean's sugary slit, Danica reached her hand into the submerged tent in my shorts and began to yank on my pole. Kate snuck her small hand under my sac and gently pinched the skin behind my scrotum, which felt pleasantly unusual.

Danica's ministrations brought forth about a dozen jets of cum that popped clean through my shorts and hung in the water. Jean lifted off my face. The three girls *oohed* at the quantity of baby-batter that sizzled out.

The tub's heat simmered each glob; within seconds, my jizz resembled the stringy stuff in an egg drop soup. (Since that night, I steer clear of Chinese restaurants.) As the braised spillage floated to the surface, Kate slurped the gooey morsels between her full lips, leaning against the fingers inside her as she knelt.

"Hey!" Jean shuddered, dropping back into the tub. "I want some!"

The three girls chased the semen floaties around in our carnal stewpot, two of them keeping their pussies full of my fingers as they gobbled the protein snacks. Kate, who started the game, tired of it first. While the other two chased down the last shreds of blanched cock snot, I extracted my hand from Danica's crotch so I could spread Kate's steamed mussel and bang the shit out of her.

Just before I came, the tub's spuzz-divers joined us and clamped down on the Eurasian cutie's chocolate-colored nerps.

By the time our cluster-fuck ended, I had blown my seed into three soggy cunts and one wet asshole. Every time I popped, I made sure to put at least a bit of nut porridge into the water so the girls could chase it around. We left the tub a lot nastier than I'd found it, but they change the water every week.

We get naked in the hot tub whenever the mood strikes us. The common area is in easy view of the other owners; so we try to wait till after 1 a.m. Since the soup-slurping incident, Jean has announced that she's moving east to go to business school. Kate and Danica have selected a roommate to replace her in September—a redhead with freckles, presumably from head to toe. I hope the new girl will join us in our hot-tub parties.

—B. D.
Address Withheld

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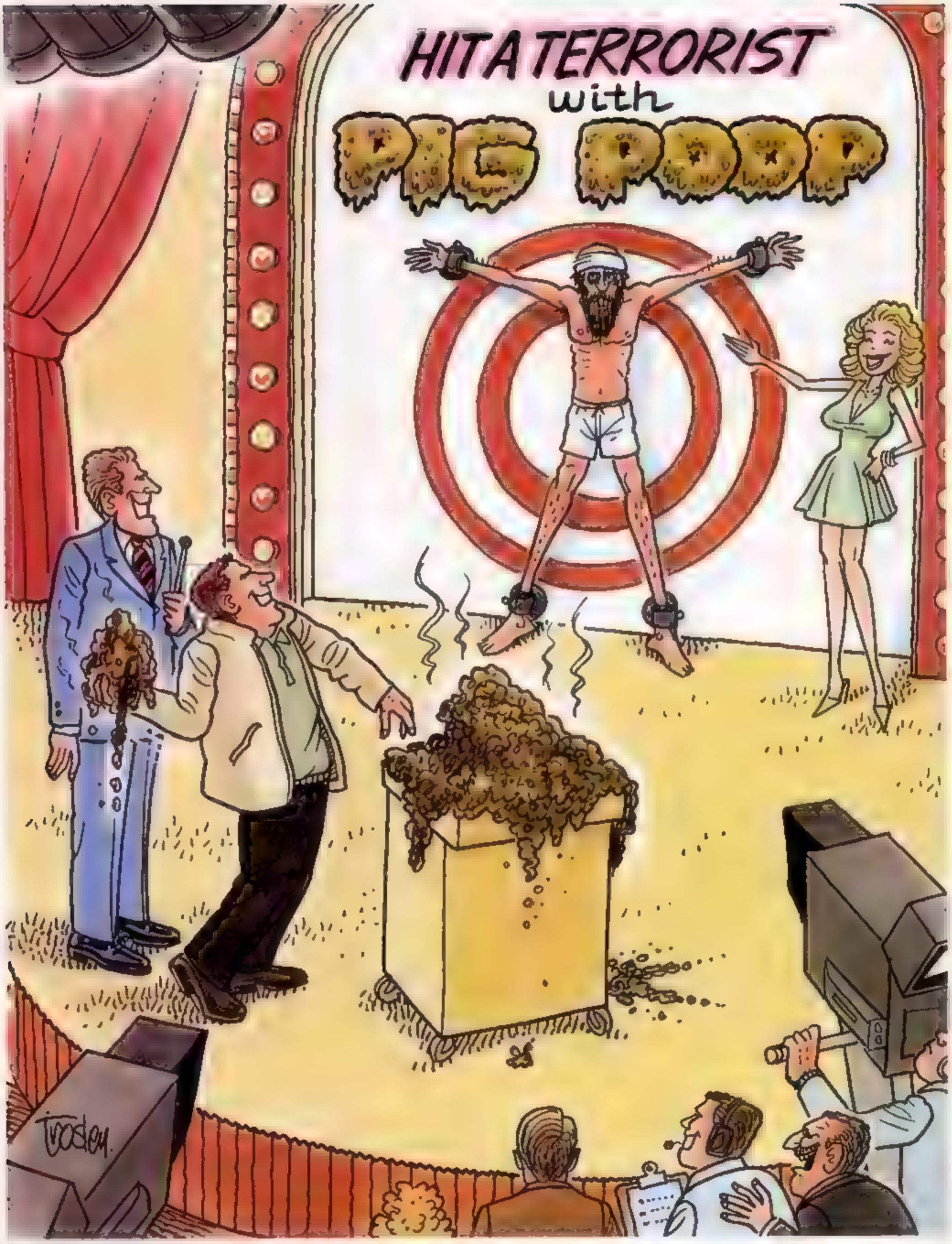

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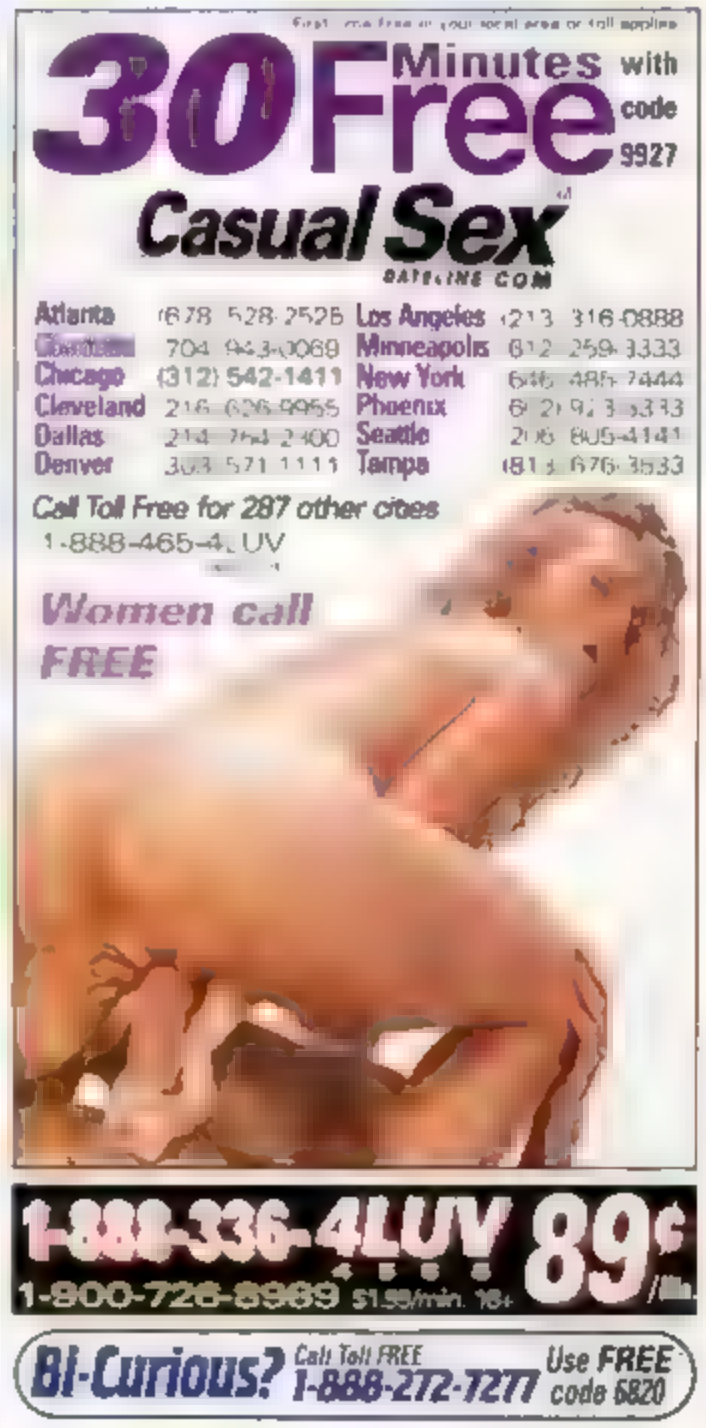
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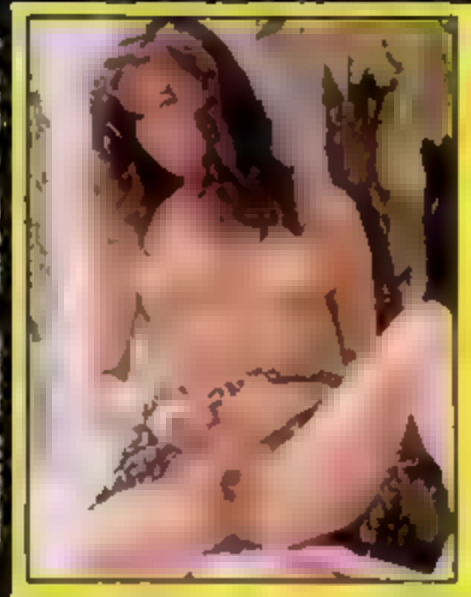

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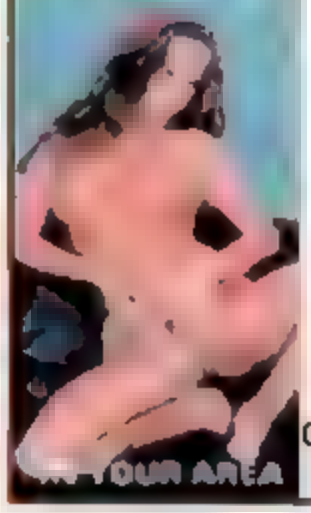

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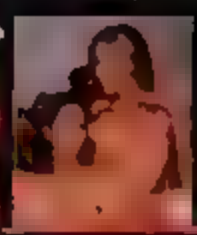

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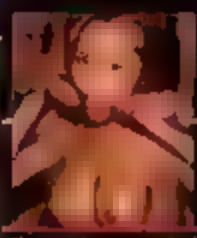

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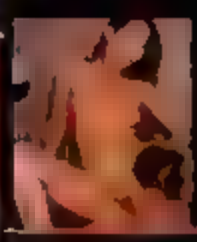

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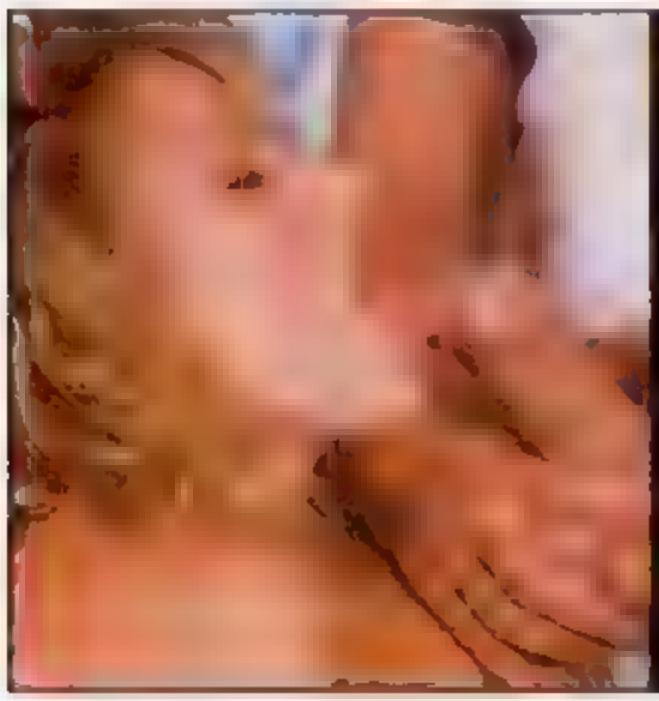

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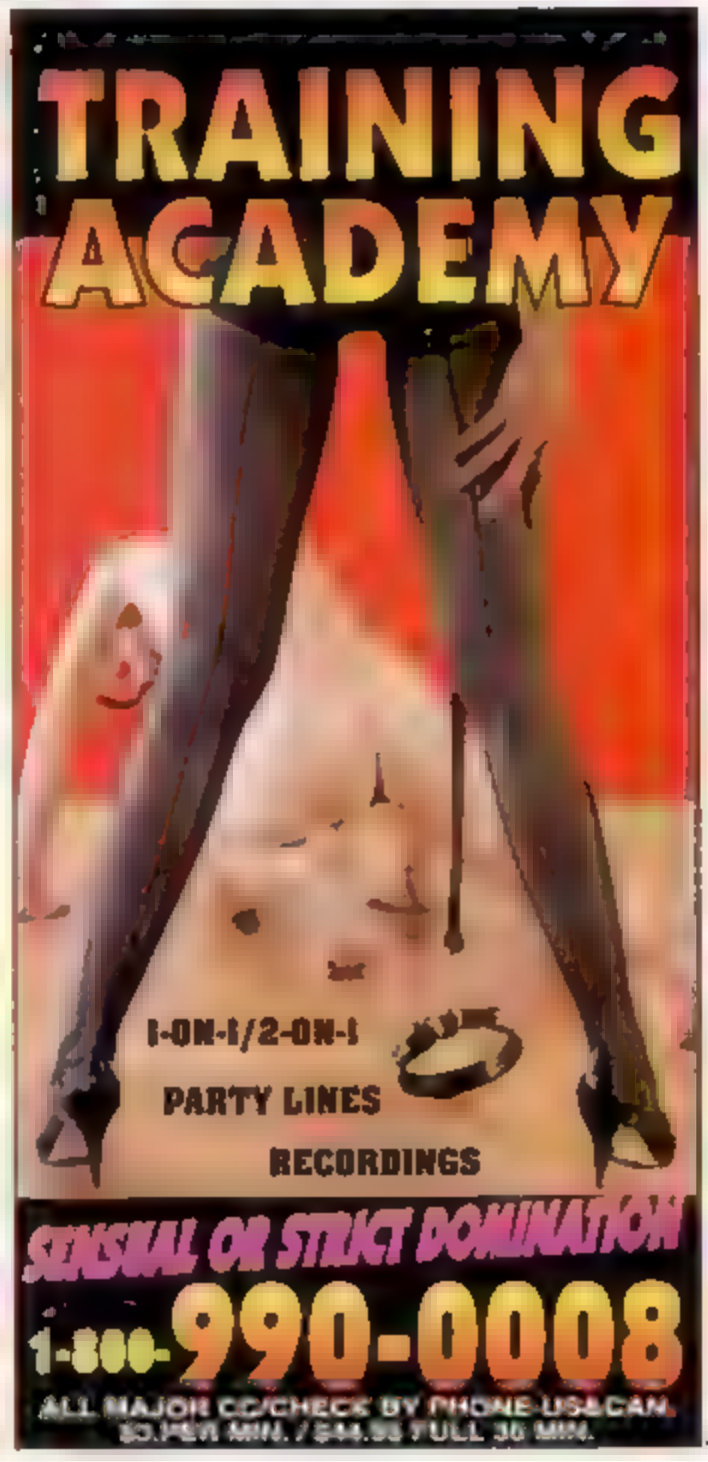
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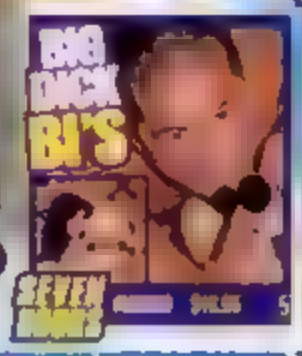

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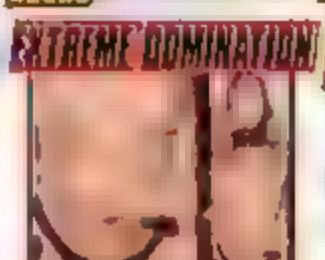
FOUR HOURS 14

FOUR HOURS 15

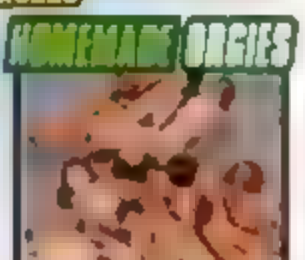
FOUR HOURS 16



FOUR HOURS 17

FOUR HOURS 18

FOUR HOURS 19



FOUR HOURS 20

FOUR HOURS 21

FOUR HOURS 22

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FOUR HOURS 24

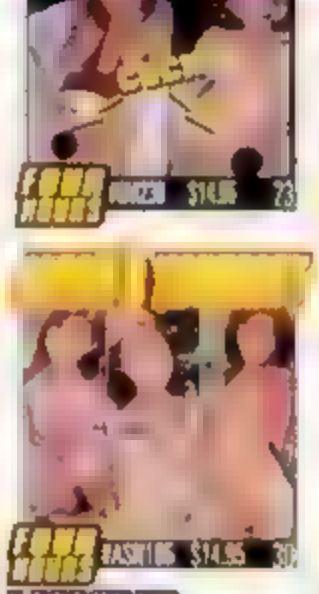
FOUR HOURS 25

FOUR HOURS 26

FOUR HOURS 27

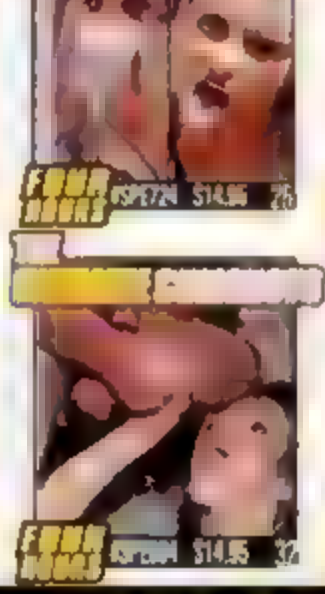
FOUR HOURS 28

FOUR HOURS 29



FOUR HOURS 30

FOUR HOURS 31



FOUR HOURS 32

FOUR HOURS 33

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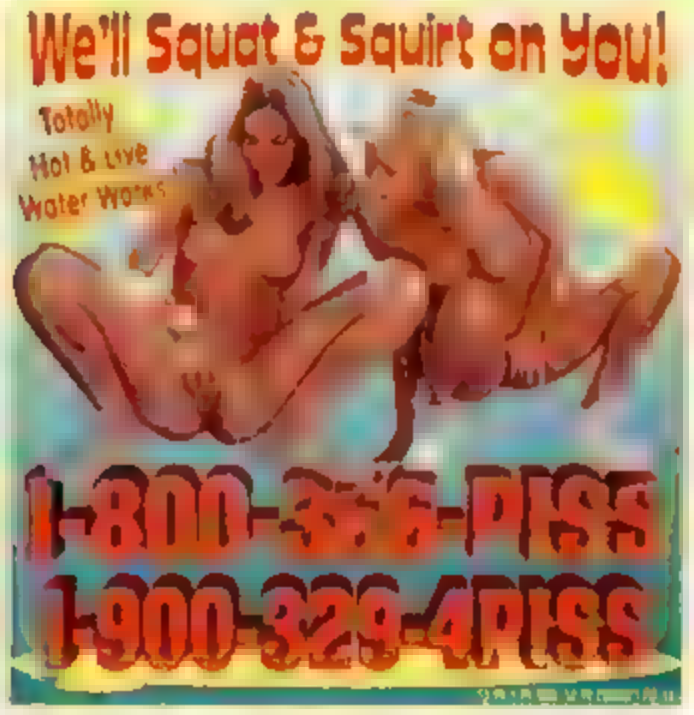
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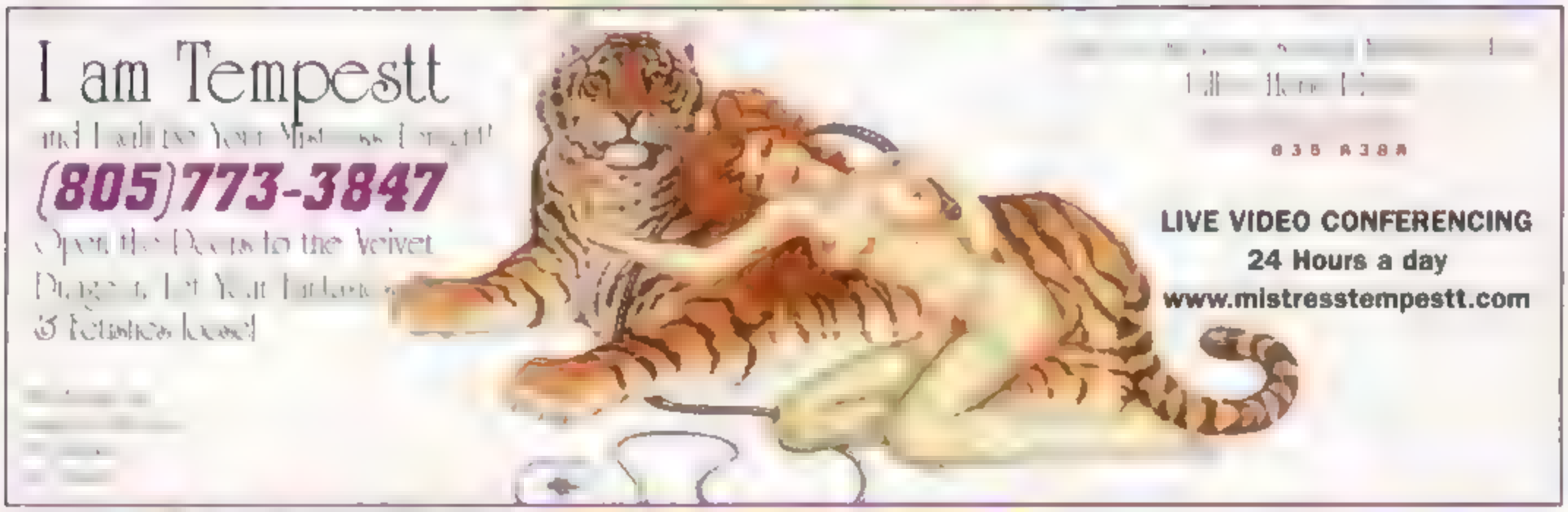
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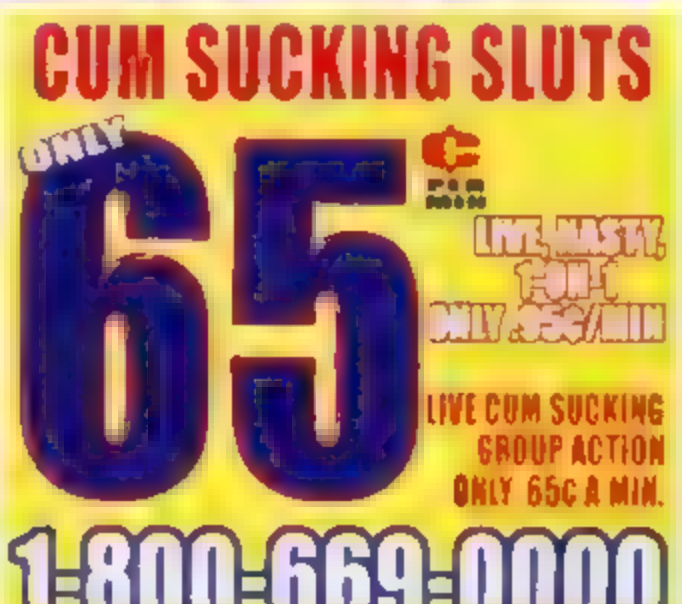
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See page 128 for details.

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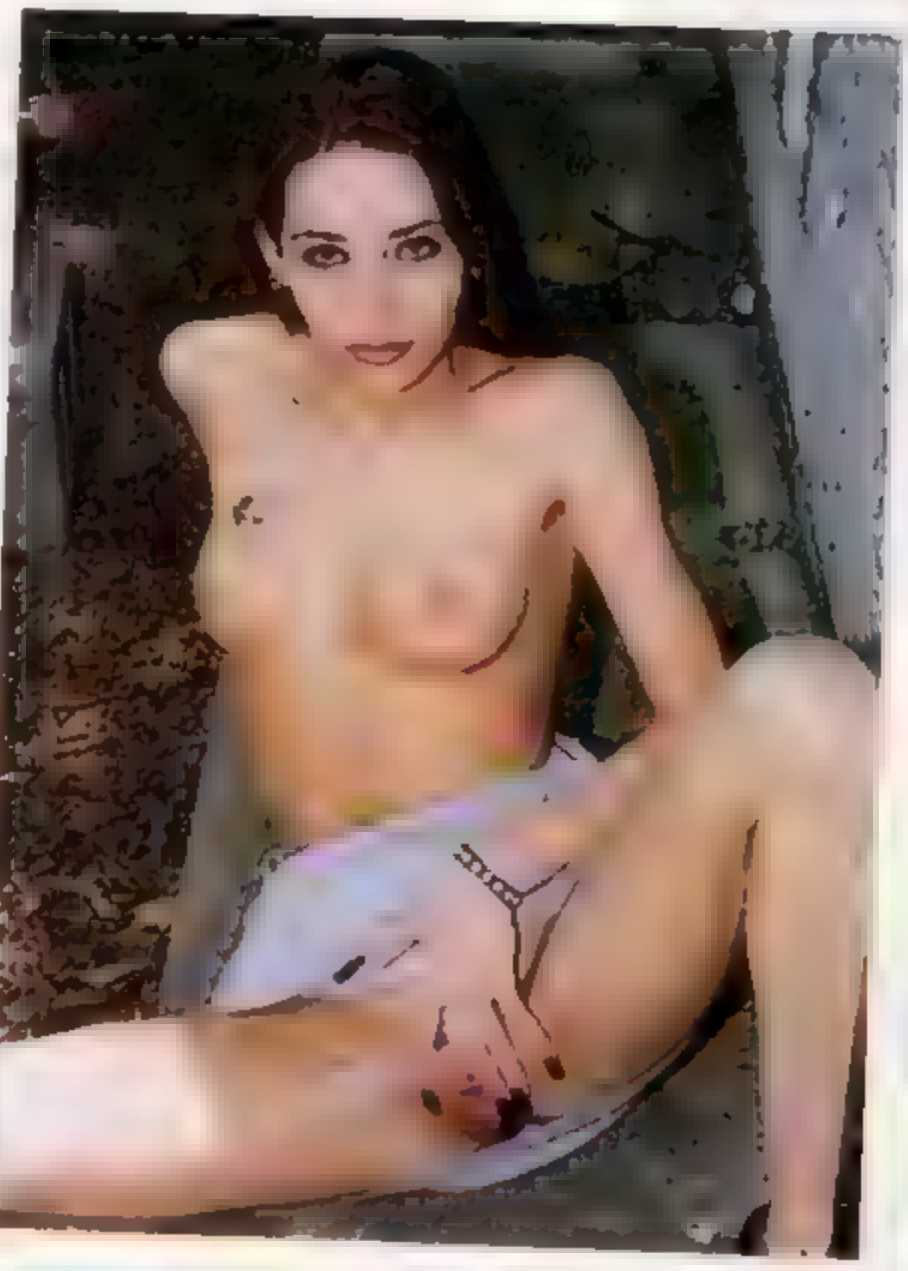
[illegible] appear on the 10s (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable prope[illegible]

"I love men too much to be bisexual," admits 32-year-old Mei Lin from Washington, D.C. The self-proclaimed sex slave also loves movies, fucking doggy-style and fantasizing about being "on the cover of HUSTLER."

—Photo by Friend



Beth, 21, from Youngstown, Ohio, is into Star Wars, 4x4s, dancing, cooking, cars, dirt bikes and music. The model/homemaker failed to include a fantasy, but we'd like to think it involves a light-saber, a monster truck and a fresh batch of Tollhouse cookies.

—Photo by Boyfriend

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Model Release / Entry Form

[illegible]

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Name to be published

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Model's Social Security number

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Personal e-mail address Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

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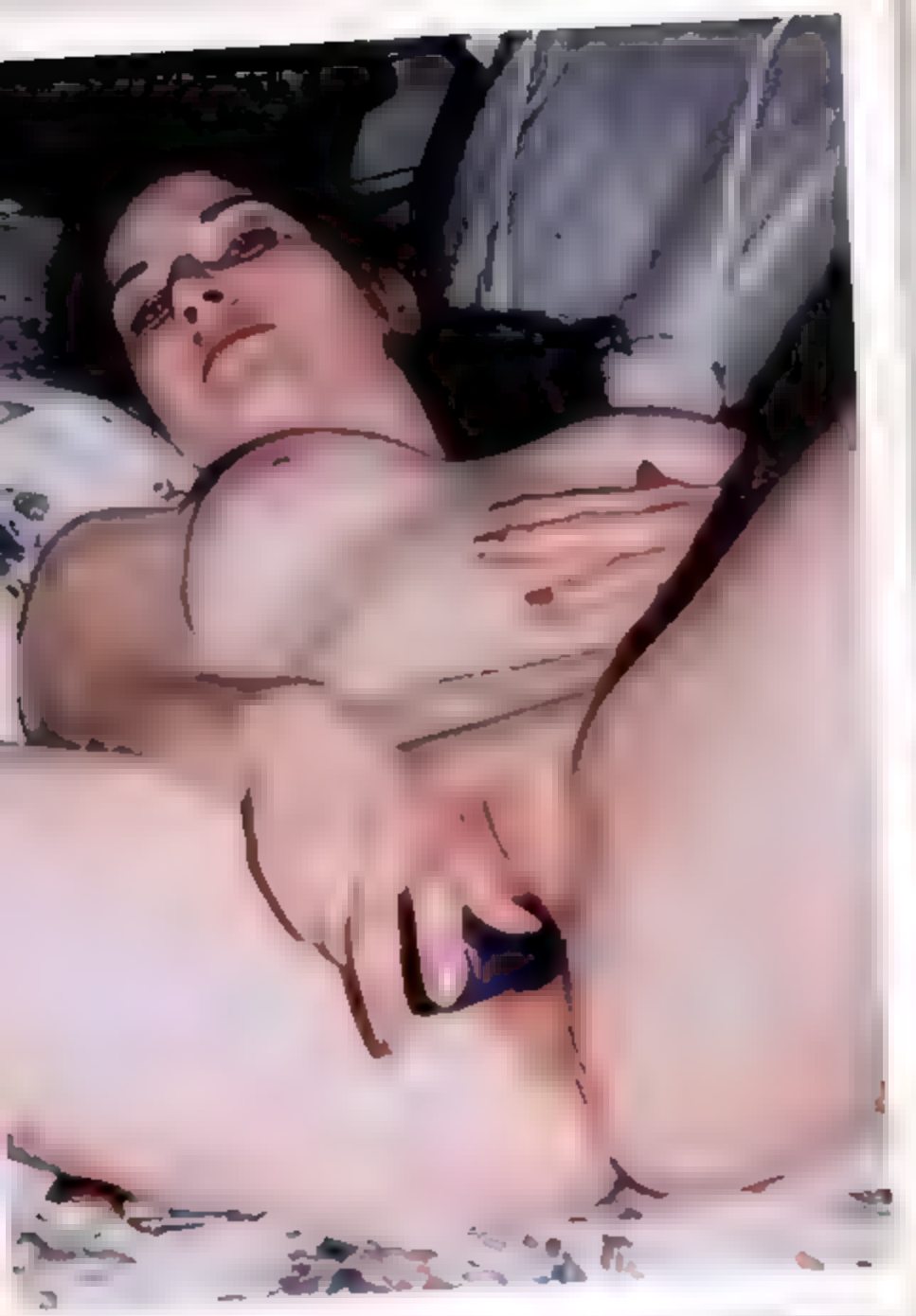
Note: Prize money sent to model only.

[illegible]

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution.

I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Model's legal signature Date

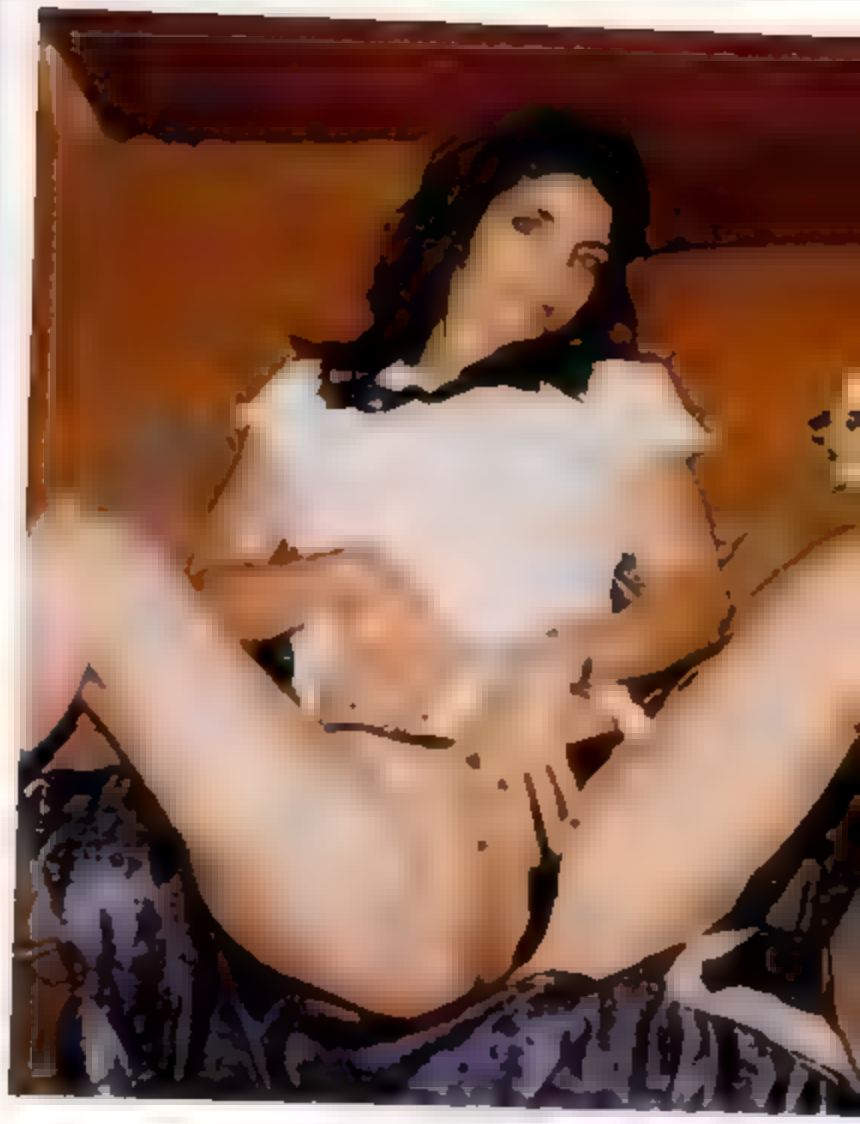


"I love people," purrs 18-year-old Anastasia of Fargo, North Dakota. The aspiring nurse or doctor is into skating and skiing, and dreams of having "sex on the beach." —Photo by Friend

"I give the best blowjobs," boasts 22-year-old Candy of Dallas, Texas. The pigtailed fellatrix enjoys reading, dancing and "being watched." For fun, Candy would love to be "sexually violated by two men." Photo by Friend

Orlando, Florida, lovely Candy enjoys posing nude, going to the beach, bicycling and playing pool. The 24-year-old deli worker longs to "do a nude layout or porno film" and "fuck two guys at once." —Photo by Husband

Twenty-eight-year-old Tierney of Virginia Beach, Virginia, loves boating, cycling, dancing, working out, in-line skating, clubbing, partying and kissing gorgeous women. The busy, blond Beaver's dream of "staying on the beach after almost everyone leaves, making love and having a woman join in" meshes nicely with her career in public relations. —Photo by Friend



Angel, a 22-year-old law student from Des Moines, Iowa, digs volleyball and camping. "I've always wanted to try a threeway," the Beaver admits, adding that she yearns to "experience being with another woman." We'll support that motion. —Photo by Friend

Phaith, 30, is a bus driver from Clearwater, Florida. Next to exact change, the leggy lass's favorite things are nudity, sex in public places and boning her husband. Eventually, Phaith wants to have "sex while working." Maybe being sent to the back of the bus wouldn't be so bad. —Photo by Husband

Heather, a hygiene-conscious Beaver from Springerville, Arizona, likes to read and write. The splashy 21-year-old wants to become an X-ray tech and would love to "have sex with a woman."

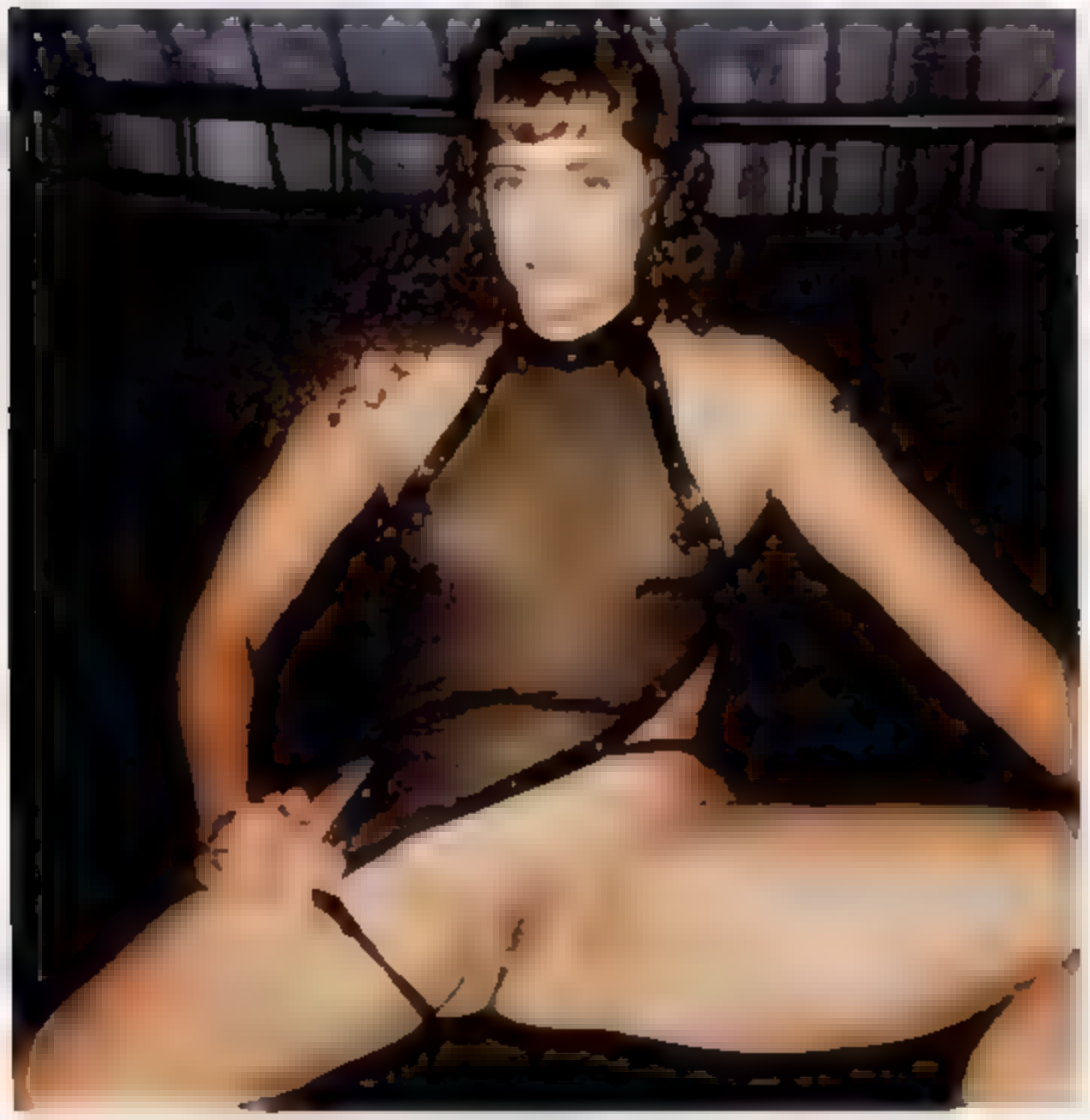
—Photo by Husband

Leather, of Coventry, Rhode Island, is unemployed, but the 37-year-old looker keeps busy by working out and dancing. An aspiring groupie, Leather hopes someday "to do all of Kiss, with Ace Frehley being the first to come."

—Photo by Friend

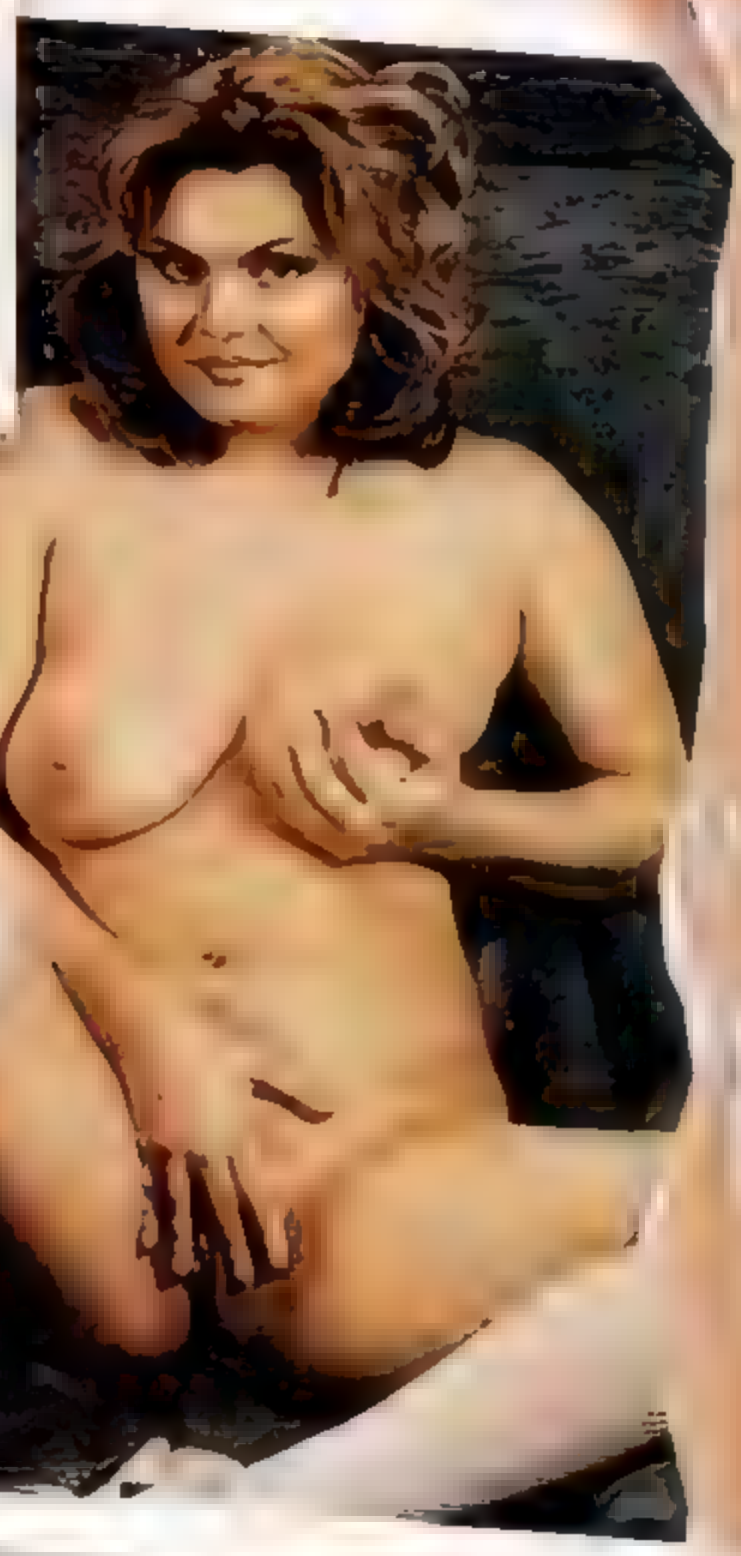
Victoria, a perky denizen of Akron, Ohio, loves boating and mountain biking. The 22-year-old nurse craves "sex in public." Hold that pose, Victoria; we'll be right there.

—Photo by Friend



Shannon, 31, is a shipping clerk and forklift driver from Cassopolis, Michigan. The leggy babe loves sex, dancing provocatively and NASCAR, and itches "to be in a porn video." The wannabe starlet had hoped to make her own blue movie but "had a lot of problems getting others involved."

—Photo by Husband



Kelsey, 24, from Cincinnati, Ohio, can usually be found surfing the Net. The Web-centric freelance model longs "to make love on top of hundreds of rose petals."

–Photo by Friend

Baseball, hiking, rock climbing, nude sunbathing and flashing are 34-year-old Ivy's favorite pastimes. A nurse on a military base, Ivy harbors a desire to be "tied up to a goalpost, blindfolded and gagged, and be gang-fucked by the defensive team of the Oakland Raiders at a half-time show."

–Photo by Friend

Dallas, North Carolina, resident Melanie enjoys listening to music, cooking and masturbating. The self-employed 25-year-old's ultimate sexual goal is "to have a room full of women cater to my complete sensual satisfaction." Will an Editorial Department full of squealing men do?

—Photo by Boyfriend

Marilyn, 28, of Rapid City, South Dakota, is into golf, computers and skiing. The skinny-dipping psychologist dreams of "cybersex with my lover while the world watches."

Photo by Boyfriend

"I get what I want," boasts 19-year-old Candy of Ottoma, Iowa. The confident legal-teen beauty loves roller-skating and skiing, and hopes to make a living as a researcher. Candy's carnal ambition is to perform "a threesome in porn."

Photo by Friend

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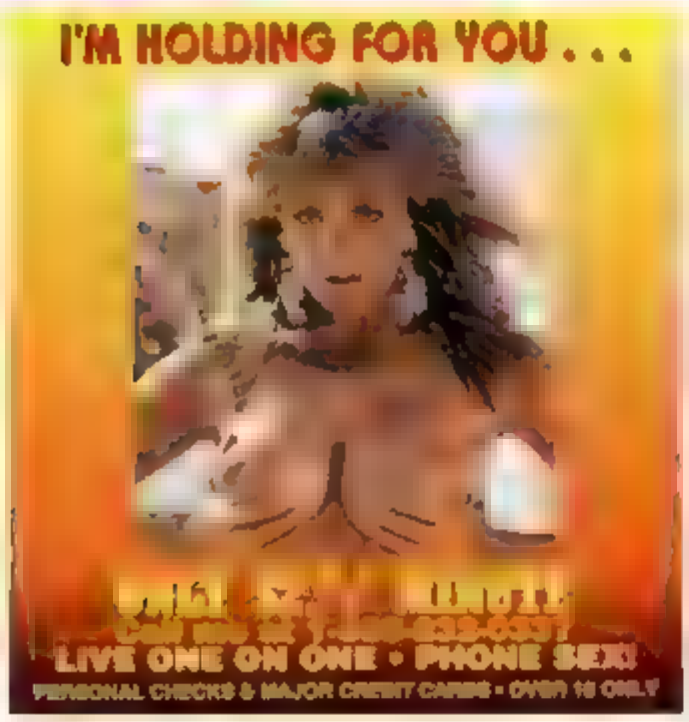

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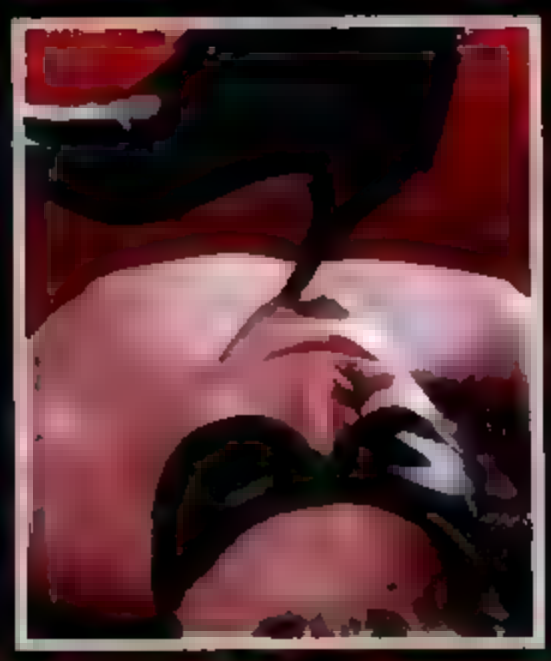

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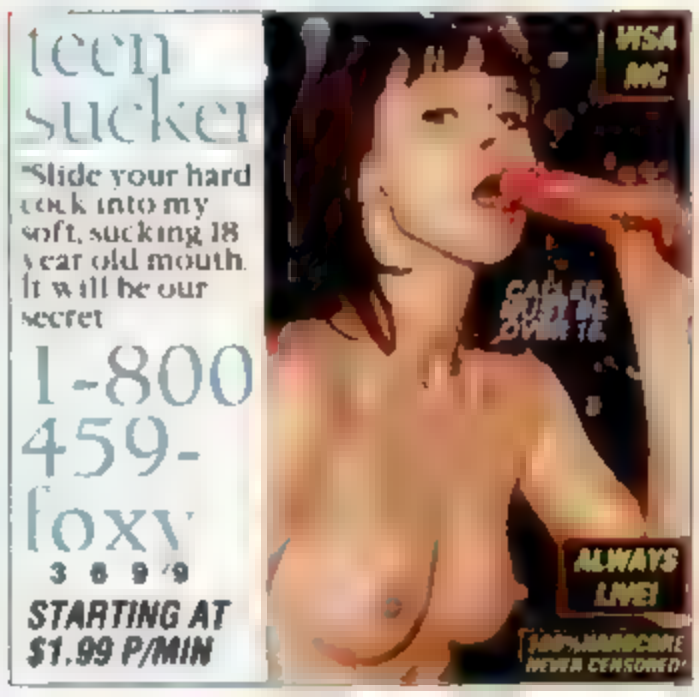

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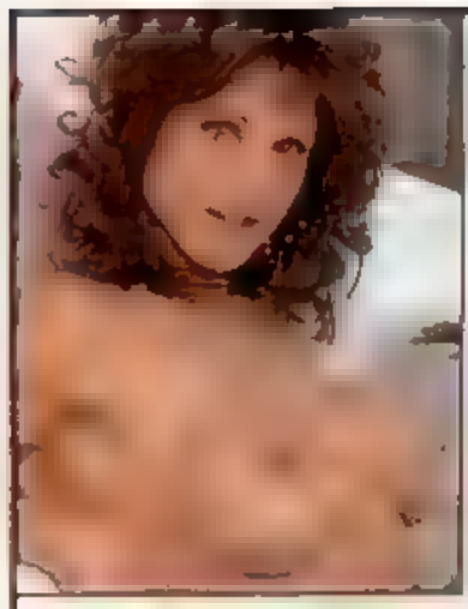

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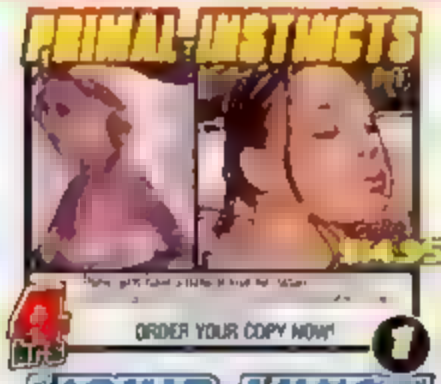

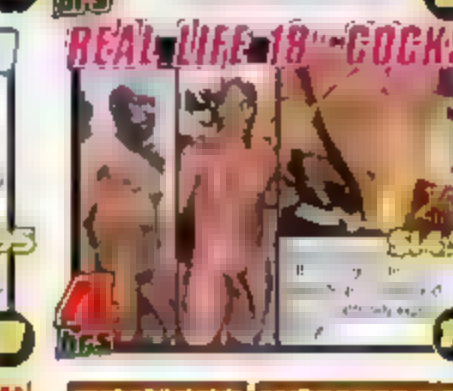

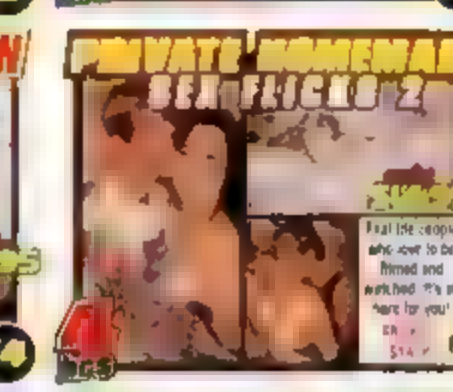

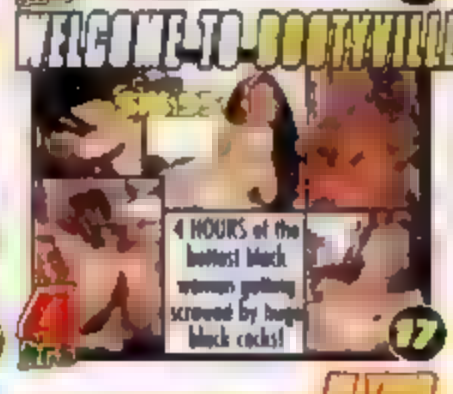

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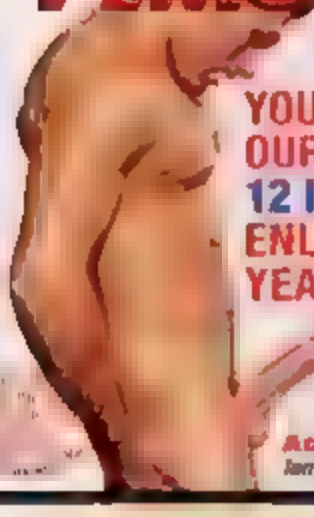

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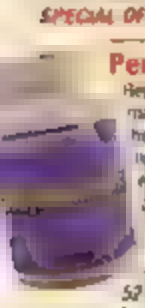
Penis Rejuvenator



Rejuvenator makes any penis feel and look like the penis of a young virile man in his twenties even if you are seventy. As you grow older the penis shaft tissue loses its elasticity and sensitivity. Both versa. Rejuvenator your penis' nerve endings are energized and more sensitive to touch. You will experience instant erections when your penis is touched by you or by your sex partner. Our exclusive formula gives your penis the look, sensitivity and sensations you experienced in your late teens and early twenties plus the key ingredients to prevent premature ejaculation. Penis Rejuvenator is our exclusive formula and available only when you order from this ad. *"I am 52 and my penis looked much older. I used your Penis Rejuvenator and now my penis looks and feels the way it did when I was in my 20's. My wife loves the new look and wants sex more often" TA, Washington*

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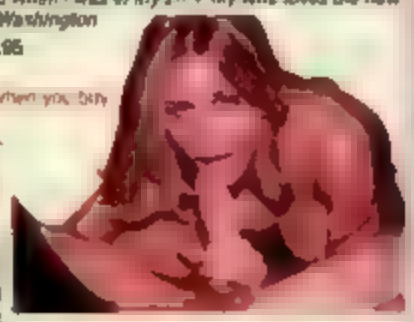

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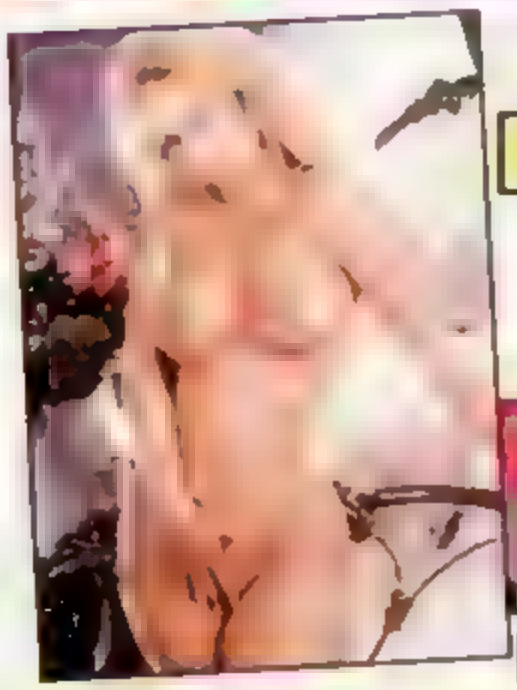

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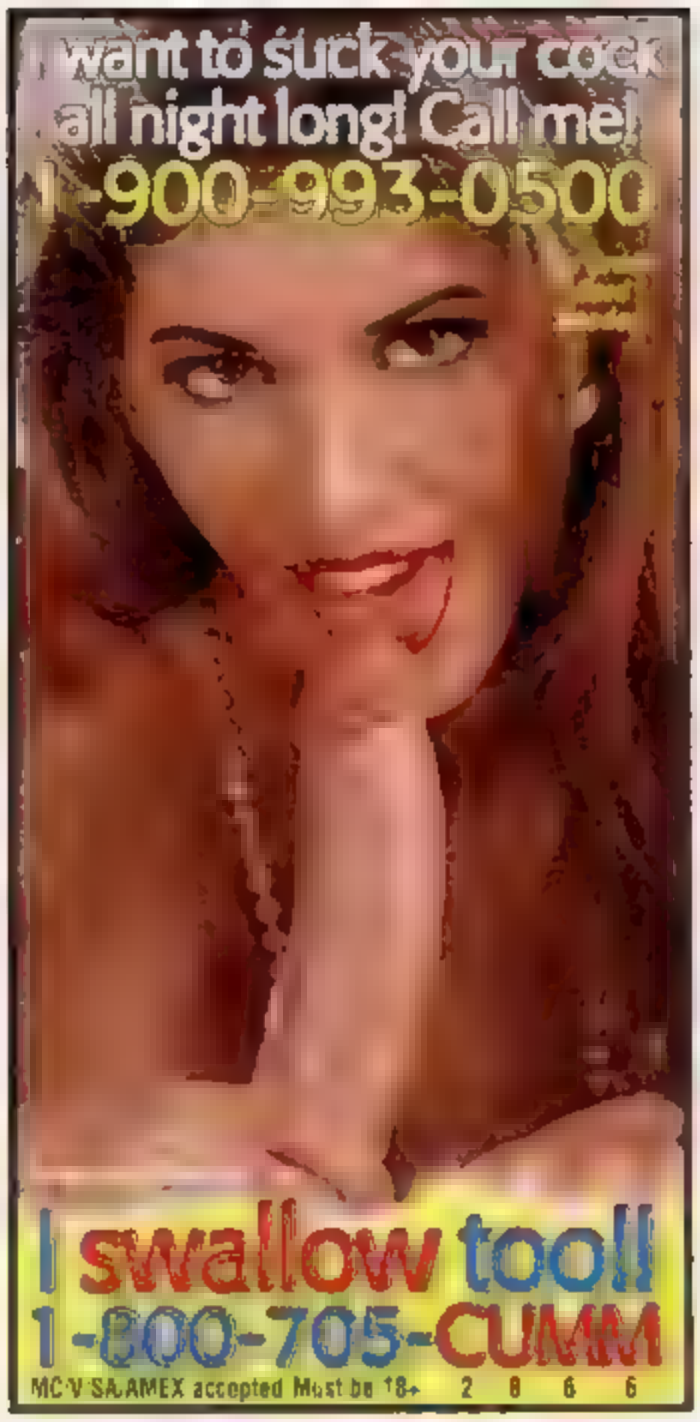
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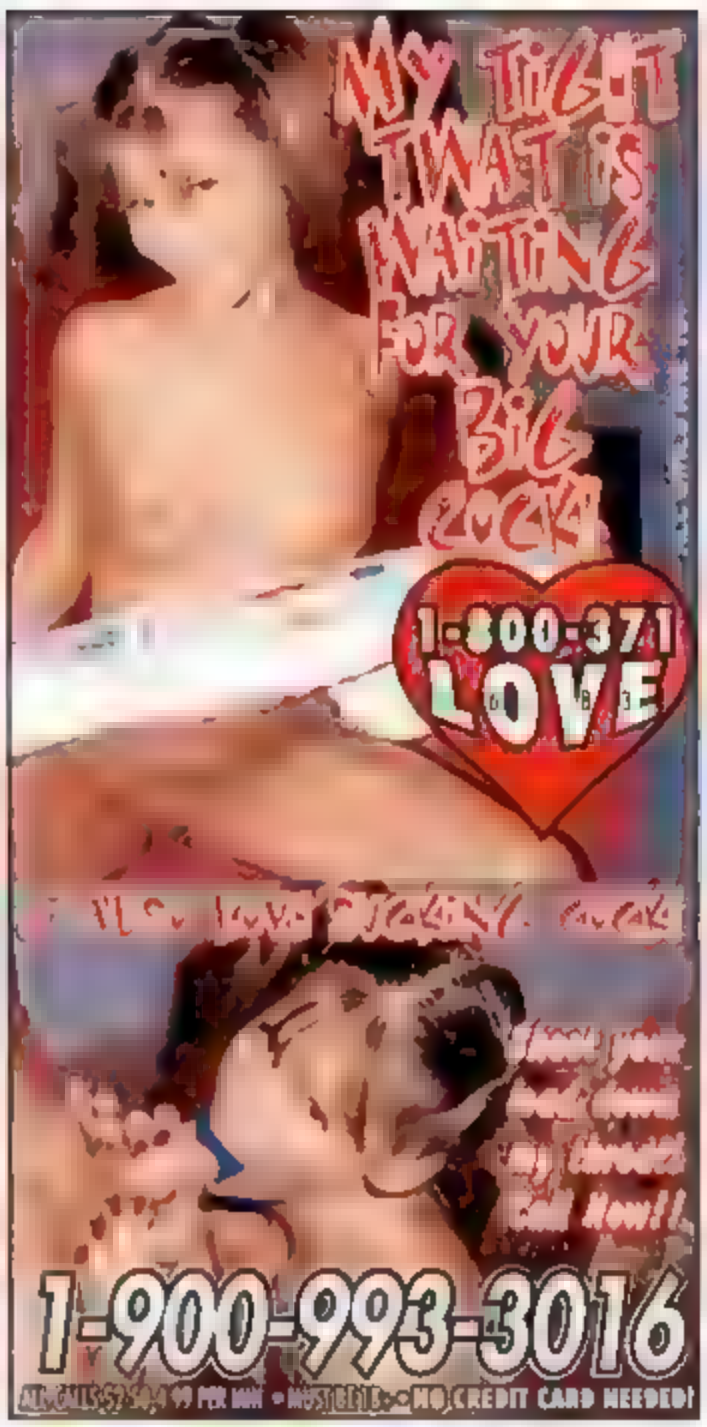
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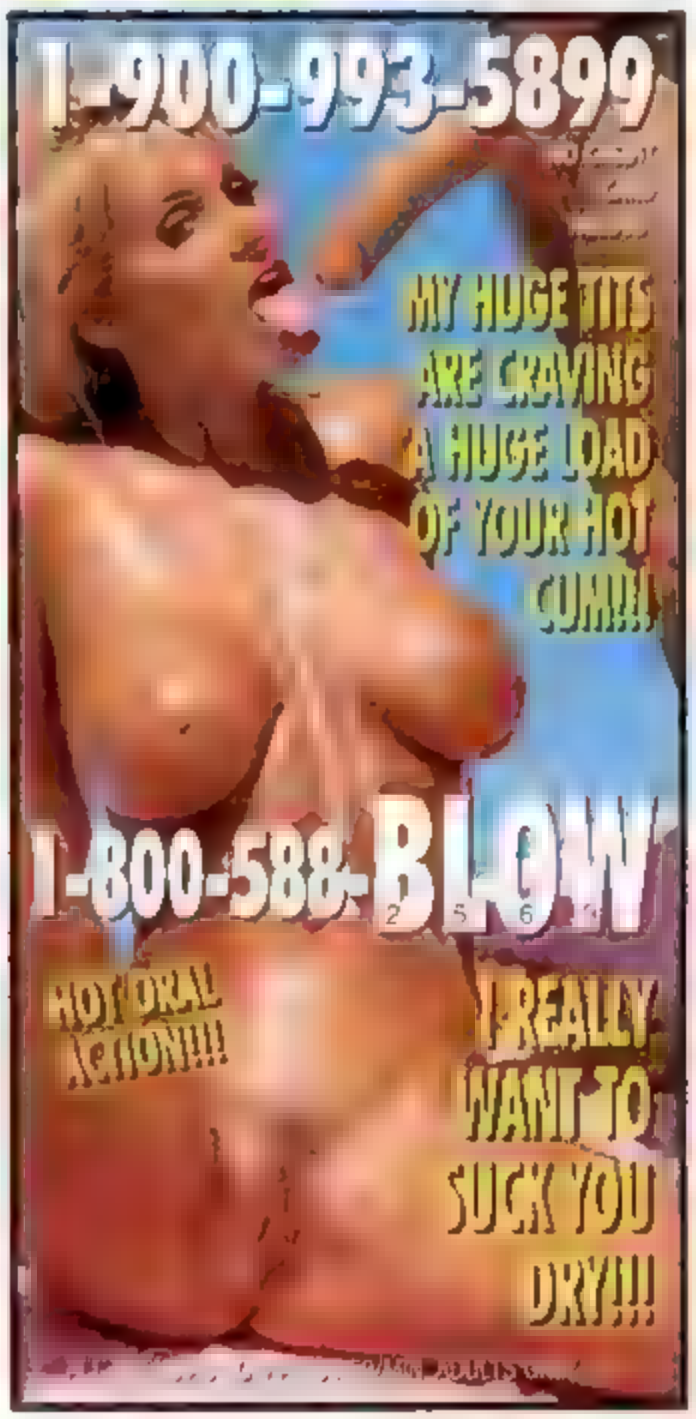
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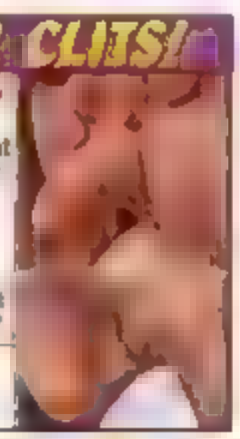

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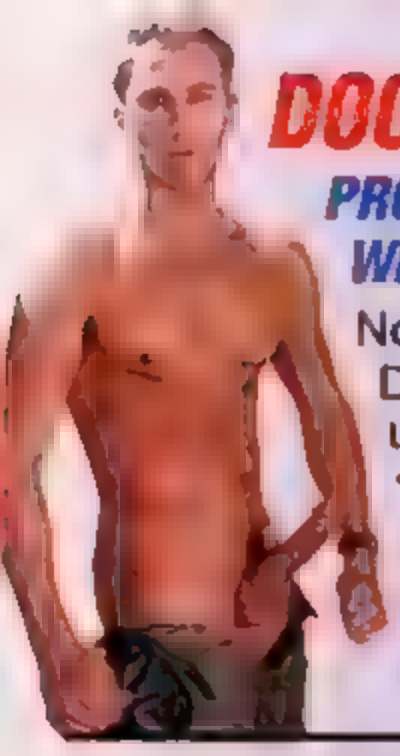

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Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 4 Inches!

"This pill really works. I am now a harder 9 inches, which makes me feel good about myself. Besides wanting to be bigger, I always got soft to soon. Now that doesn't happen anymore. I'm hard like a rock from start to finish. I don't stop until she says 'you are terrific' and cums right along with me." -JS. Ohio

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. How about when men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Your larger penis will give you the confidence to meet the challenge of any woman. Penetrate deeper and see just how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

The corpa cavernosa are the two spongy bodies of erectile tissue on either side of the penis. An erection is caused by blood filling the erectile tissues. But what if the erectile tissues were made larger? What if you could somehow expand the size of the erectile tissues? Then of course the erectile tissues would hold more blood and you would have a significantly larger penis. Blow up a balloon with more air and you have a larger balloon. Fill the erectile tissues with more blood and you have a larger penis. Without any effort on you part, without any exercising, pumping or stretching, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissues longer and wider and fill the erectile tissues with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 4 inches in what has been described as a miracle. **You can make that miracle happen.** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL and we GUARANTEE IT!

IS YOUR PENIS SIZE AVERAGE?

You probably have heard or read somewhere the average penis size is about 6 inches. If your penis is 6 inches and you want to be average then don't read any further. But if your not satisfied with an average or less then average size penis, the PRO+PLUS PILLS will help you grow up to 4 inches and it is perfectly safe and it is your secret because you can take the PRO+PLUS PILLS without anyone knowing that you are taking it.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the most noticeable change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. Then after a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. As you stand in front of a mirror you will be amazed even without an erection how your penis will 'hang' longer and thicker. After the third month when you have an erection you will see a very noticeable change. Not just in size but your penis will look firmer, stronger then you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY IS THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

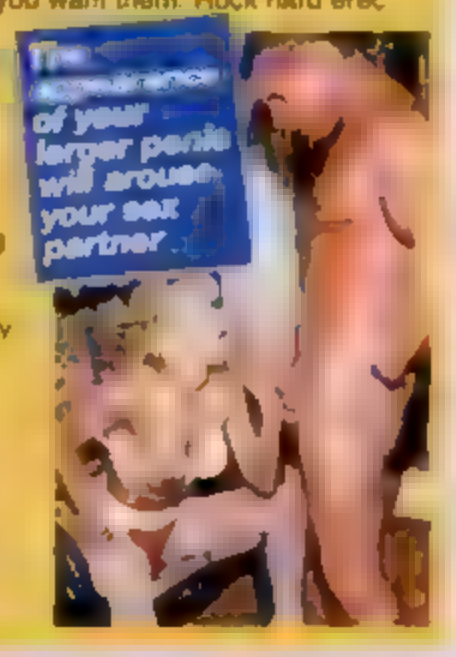
Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. Combining the formulations of the type of herbs found in many parts of the world that can enlarge the penis erectile tissues. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between a 7, 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

WHAT WILL THE PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 4 inches or more!
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis hangs larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock hard erections every time. No more pills (only when necessary) you can't get it up and keep it up. PRO+PLUS PILLS will keep the blood flowing to your penis so you will always get hard and stay hard.
- Stronger and more intense orgasms.
- Stop premature ejaculations.
- Safely enhance the size of your penis.



WILL THE PENIS ENLARGEMENT BE PERMANENT?

Yes it is and you control the growth because once you reach your optimum size you could stop taking PRO+PLUS PILLS for Penis Enlargement. We say you could stop taking the PRO+PLUS PILLS because it is not necessary to be larger then 9 or 10 inches. Most women can only comfortably accommodate a 9 or 10 inch penis. Anything larger then that may be too large for most woman. Nine inches or more than 9 inches, the choice is yours.

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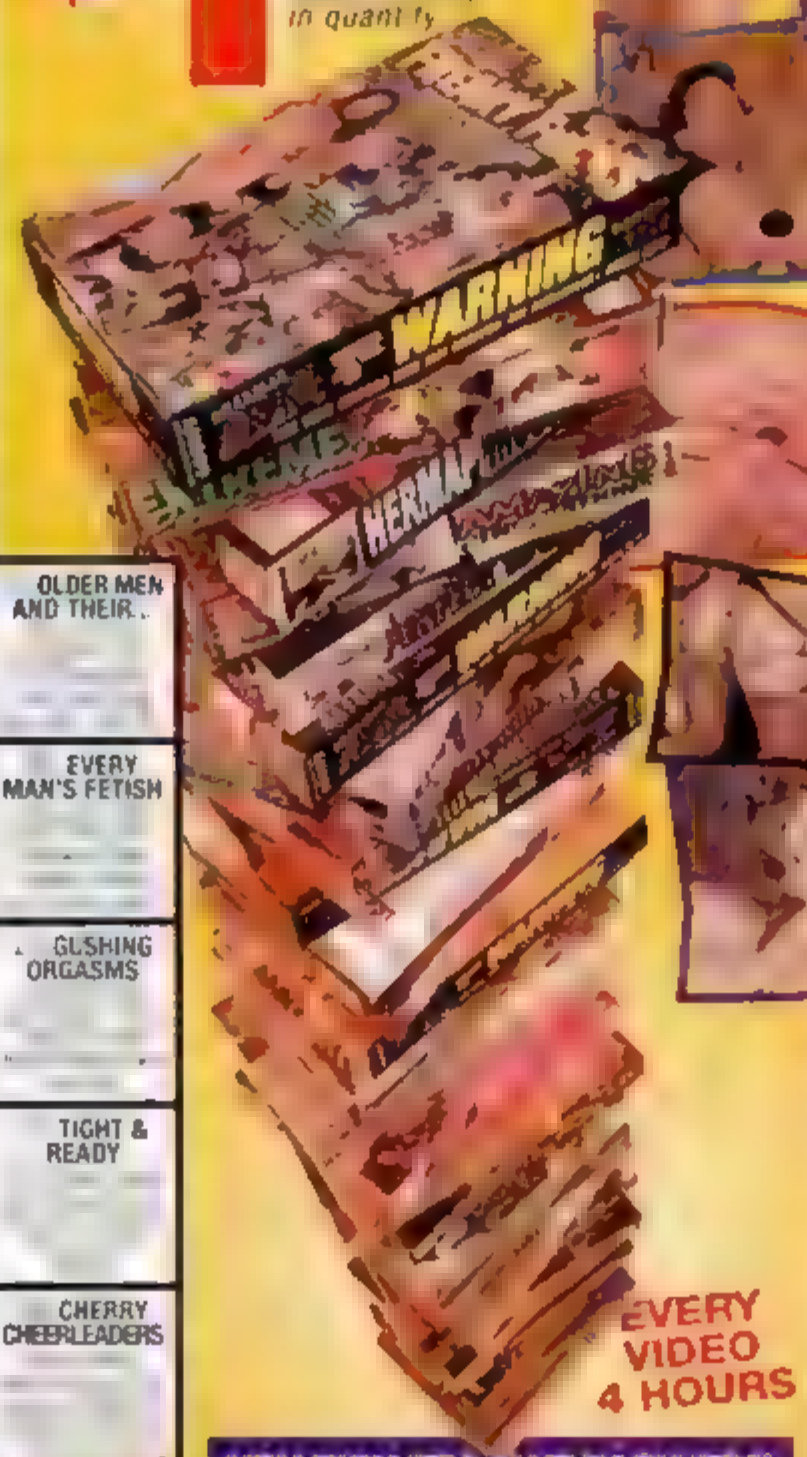

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I'm With the Sham Band

(continued from page 76) attracted the variety of groupie known as a stalker. "There was one woman that just attached herself to us," recalls Howie Pattow of Missing Links, who also plays in a Beatles tribute group. "She so wanted to be part of things that she convinced herself she was. She started calling up promoters and introducing herself as our manager. She sounded really professional; so we didn't mind at first, but things got weird. One time, she joined [us] on the road, uninvited. She collected our pay from the venue without our knowledge and tried to get each one of the guys from the band up to her room to get his money. She opened the door in nothing but an open robe. It could have been enticing if it were someone else—but this chick was scary."

In some rare cases, the cover bands may even receive more pussy than the bands they are aping. Although Jim Yester of the '60s soft-pop vocal group the Association ("Along Comes Mary," "Cherish") has never seen his imitators the Associates, he likes the tribute-band concept and has his own theories about the success of these groups in general. "It has more to do with the music than the actual bands," says Yester. "In most cases, these girls were young when they first heard the songs and made a special connection with them. The actual guy doesn't necessarily make the difference. They probably do better with the ladies now than we did then. We were just too darned nice. I sort of regret that now."

In some rare cases, the cover bands may even receive more pussy than the bands they are aping.

Gene Simmons, who claims to have fucked thousands of female fans, has no such remorse. Musicians who impersonate Simmons often find themselves imitating his sleazy ways as well. This is one, if not the main, reason that there are more than a dozen Kiss-tribute outfits—stack heels, blood capsules and all—touring the national tribute scene.

"There's plenty to go around. It's all good," says the genuine Simmons when asked his feelings on faux Genes using his costume to derive sexual satisfaction from Kiss fans.

The perks that come with being in a Kiss band can far exceed the usual fan adulation, according to New York City–based Carlos Espada, a/k/a Kissnation's Gene. "I've played in original bands before. They're a lot of fun, but playing in a tribute band is great. There's no selling; people know what they're there to see. I've been able to go all over the USA, and the groupies are there because of who you're playing."

Playing Gene comes with its own special rewards. Carlos candidly admits that, more often than not, his coital connections are done in character. "One time, before a show, a young lady knocked on my dressing-room door, walked in and got on her knees," recalls Carlos. "When she was done, she looked up at me and said, 'Thanks, Gene,' and walked away."

Female tribute musicians are also often magnets for sex-starved chicks. "We have the typical rock 'n' roll AC/DC crowd—lots of rocker guys in their 30s and 40s," says Bonny Scott, lead singer of AC/Dshe. "But we also have a young, female crowd of surprisingly femmme lesbians. I never thought, as a girl, I would be getting tits flashed at me while performing, but it happens all the time. These girls are always trying to touch us while we're onstage too. A few of us have been propositioned by some of the female fans. They act like we are superstars or something."

From the outside, the tribute-band scene might appear to be a creative dead end. None of the musicians are writing their own songs, and few even change the arrangements. The fans respond best when the acts remove all elements of their own personalities to better channel the stars they portray. But who needs to be an artist when chicks are easier attained by ripping off the talents of the already rich and famous?

In a twisted way, the pseudocelebrities may actually be craftier than their genuine rocker counterparts. While the real stars are wasting time writing songs and prancing around in music videos, their tributeers are out fucking their fans.

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JANICE

HO, SWEET HO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **GIANNI B.**

Janice runs through her parents' pristine abode, leaving a trail of clothes in her wake. ***"My folks are total neat freaks, but when I'm alone here, I do whatever I want. And right now, I want to play naked."*** *Pent-up pussy juice erupts from the flaxen-haired girl's hole.* ***"I rub these dripping lips on everything; let's see if Mom can scrub snail stains out of the upholstery."*** *The rebellious tramp howls.* ***"This old house is due for a cum-drenched makeover."***

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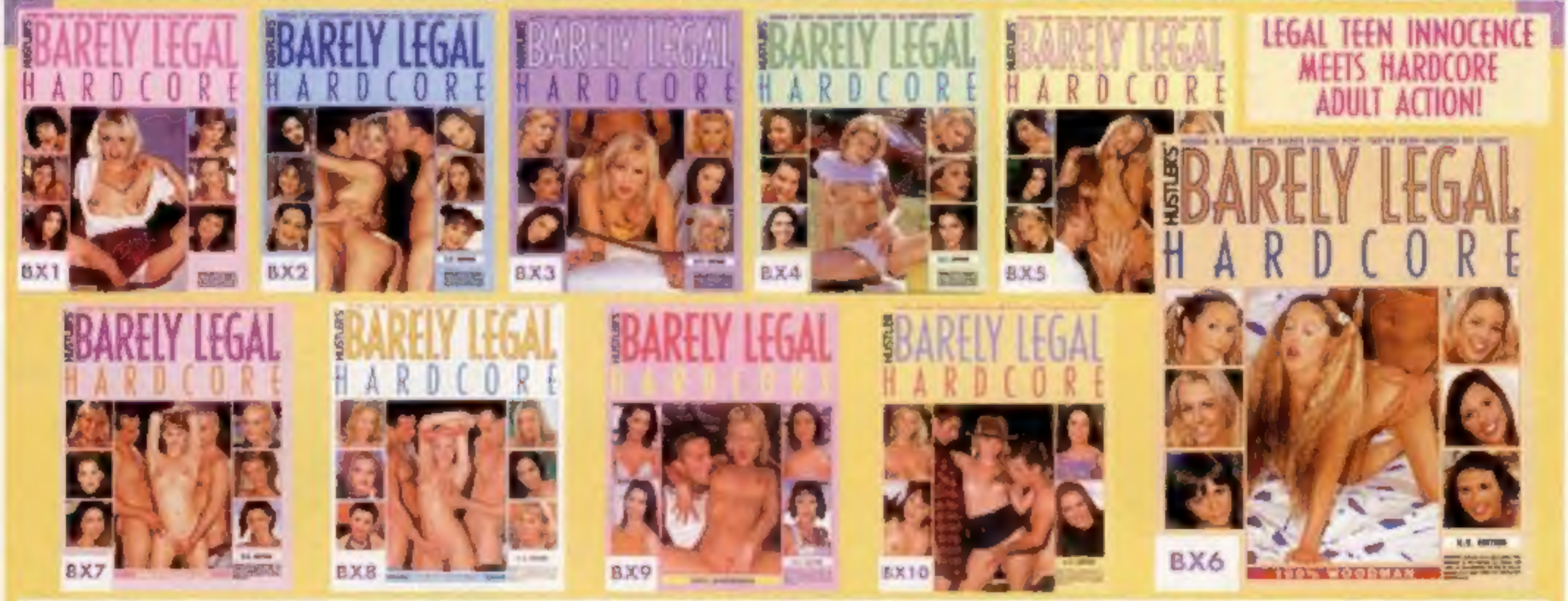

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Coming Next Month in HUSTLER

Wet Heat

Flag Day is draped in patriotic pink when the babes of June's HUSTLER erect sturdy flagpoles across this great nation. A red-blooded slut takes advantage of the hottest season to work on her tan and raise temperatures even higher. Meet a limber blonde who proves that leg warmers will never go out of fashion, especially when accessorized with a dildo. A lonely farmer's daughter can't resist the new field hand and treats the lucky stud to bushels of barnyard lust. Two stylish sluts trade in their curlers and hair-dryers for vibrators, and turn a cozy beauty parlor into a salon for sapphic makeovers. Put June's HUSTLER first on your summer reading list.

Ho Family Values

Bianca is a good daughter. The raven-tressed lass doesn't drink, is proudly drug-free and treasures quality time with her family. Fortunately for Bianca, she sees her mother every day at Nevada's notorious Moonlite Bunnyranch brothel, where they both earn rent as popular hookers. In a twisted yet informative exposé, HUSTLER reporter Nico Winetrappe goes comparison shopping at the country's most famous legal bordello to find out what makes Bianca (and her mom) trick.

Cracking 9/11 Scams

Even before the final body counts from September 11 are tallied, heartless scumbags have descended like vultures upon the ruins of the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. The shameless thieves steal from victims' families by setting up charities that funnel donations from Good Samaritans directly into their own pockets. Even "legitimate" organizations have been caught tiptoeing through legal gray areas with funds intended for those in need. In a wrenching HUSTLER feature, correspondent Al Hazrad heads for Ground Zero to dig up the cruelest hoaxes and swindlers cashing in on the devastation.

Summer Snatch

June's *Bits & Pieces* serves up John Ashcroft's secret recipe for McJustice to unsuspecting Americans. The expert critics of *Erotic Entertainment* separate the blue screen's blockbusters from its bombs in a dozen sticky reviews. Porn sage Jeanna Fine shares her slit and wisdom with perplexed deviants in *Dear Slut*, and the budding amateur vixens of *Beaver Hunt* help pack the June 2002 HUSTLER with enough skin to last until winter.

June 2002 HUSTLER on sale April 2.

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